The Weekly Herald.

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SHERMAN.

JOE JOHNSTON'S SURRENDER.

Interesting Details of the Correspondence and Conference Between Sherman and Johnston.

TERMS OF THE CAPITULATION.

All Arms to be Stacked and Parked and Regularly Delivered at Greensboro.

The Rebel Officers and Men to be Paroled and Allowed to Return to Their Homes.

Beauregard and Hardee Embraced in the Surrender.

WADE HAMPTON REPORTED KILLED.

He Denounces Joe Johnston as a "Sneak and Coward," and is Said to Have Been Shot by That General.

Utter and Complete Demoralization of Lee's Paroled Men.

OUR TROOPS MARCHING HOMEWARD

Jeff. Davis at Charlotte, N. C., on April 23.

HIS ROUTE TO MEXICO OBSTRUCTED.

His Only Hope to Escape to Cuba from Some Point on the Florida Coast,

&c., &c., &c.

Secretary Stanton to Major General Dix.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., April 28, 1865—3 P. M.

Major General Dix, New York:—

A despatch from General Grant, dated at Raleigh, ten P. M., April 26, just received by this department, states that "Johnston surrendered the forces in his command, embracing all from here to Chattahoochee, to General Sherman, on the basis agreed upon between Lee and myself for the Army of Northern Virginia."

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

Mr. E. D. Westfall's Despatch.

RALEIGH, N. C., April 25, 1865.

THE ARMY OF GEORGIA.

General Slocum's "left wing" has been transformed into the Army of Georgia, as the country knows by the publication of the War Department orders. The change in title made a wonderful change in the appearance of things at General Slocum's headquarters. The General, who travelled through Georgia and the Carolinas with the same command, doing some of the most brilliant marching and fighting of the war, with only four or five staff officers, is now at the head of a large household. Their names are as follows:—Major General Carl Schurz, Chief of Staff; Major Robert P. Dechert, Acting Assistant Adjutant General; Captain Montgomery Rochester, Assistant Adjutant General; Lieutenant Colonel Platt M. Thorn, Inspector General; Lieutenant Colonel H. M. Whittlesey, Chief Quartermaster; Major J. A. Reynolds, Chief of Artillery; Major E. W. Guindar, Aid-de-Camp; Captain W. W. Moseley, Aid-de-Camp; Captain W. G. Tracy, Aid-de-Camp; Surgeon H. N. Goodman, Medical Director; Captain Robert M. McDowell, Chief Topographical Engineers; Lieutenant E. W. Hosgate, Chief Signal officer; Lieutenants Joseph B. Foraker and C. H. Mosslager, Signal officers; Lieutenant S. H. Hurd, Staff Quartermaster; Major Hoffman and Captain Spraul, Aids-de-Camp to General Schurz; W. H. Berry, telegrapher.

Mr. S. Cadwallader's Despatch.

Mr. James C. Fitzpatrick's Despatches.

Our Special Washington Despatch.

WASHINGTON, April 29, 1865.

The number of men actually surrendered by Johnston to Sherman is about twenty-seven thousand four hundred, although the number on paper is much greater. The surrender includes all the militia from South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia and the Gulf States, most of whom had deserted long before the surrender took place. About eighty or ninety pieces of artillery are among the trophies surrendered.

Lee's Advice to Johnston.

WASHINGTON, May 1, 1865.

Information has been received that immediately after the surrender of Lee's army General Lee wrote a letter to Joe Johnston representing that further resistance to the Union armies would be in vain, and urging him to surrender without reference to the wishes or advice of Jeff Davis and his co-fugitives.

The Press Despatch.

RALEIGH, N. C., April 28, 1865.

Mr. Holden, the editor of the Raleigh *Standard*, who is suggested as the Governor of the State, takes decided ground against the restoration to power of Governor Vance and the existing Legislature. He favors the adoption of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, and recognizing the constitution of the United States as paramount to any State constitution.

MOBILE.

THE CONDITION OF THE CITY

TERRIBLE EFFECTS FROM TORPEDOES.

Ten Thousand Stragglers, Two Hundred and Fifteen Heavy Guns, Ten Thousand Stand of Small Arms and Thirty Thousand Bales of Cotton Captured.

Attempt to Assassinate General Granger.

COTTON PLENTY AROUND THE CITY,

&c., &c., &c.

Mr. John J. Dawson's Despatch.

MOBILE, Ala., April 20, 1865.

Mr. Wm. H. Stiner's Despatch.

STARTLING.

The Shooting of the Assassin of the President.

His Flight and Desperate Resistance.

Jeff. Davis, Jacob Thompson, C. C. Clay, Beverly Tucker, George N. Sanders and W. C. Cleary the Accomplices of Booth.

Evidence that They Concocted and Incited the Conspiracy.

A PRICE SET ON THEIR HEADS.

Large Rewards Offered for Their Apprehension.

One Hundred Thousand Dollars Offered for Davis and Twenty-five Thousand Each for Thompson, Clay, Tucker and Sanders, and Ten Thousand for Cleary.

THE EVIDENCE OF THEIR GUILT.

Additional Interesting Details Showing How Many Facts Against Them Were Obtained.

Lincoln, Johnson and Seward the Only Victims Selected.

Explanation of the Mysterious Movements of Sanders and Tucker in 1864.

They Ply Between Richmond and Canada While Concocting the Conspiracy.

PURSUIT OF DAVIS.

Stoneman Only a Day Behind Him.

He Has Orders to Pursue the Traitor While He Has a Horse Left Alive.

One of the Conspirators in Custody in Canada.

Twenty-one of Them Under Guard in Washington.

&c., &c., &c.

THE PROCLAMATION.

A Proclamation by the President of the United States of America.

Whereas, it appears from evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice that the atrocious murder of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, and the attempted assassination of the Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State, were incited, concerted and procured by and between Jefferson Davis, late of Richmond, Va., and Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Beverly Tucker, George N. Sanders, W. C. Cleary and other rebels and traitors against the government of the United States, harbored in Canada:

Now, therefore, to the end that justice may be done, I, ANDREW JOHNSON, President of the United States, do offer and promise for the arrest of said persons, or either of them within the limits of the United States, so that they can be brought to trial, the following rewards:—

One hundred thousand dollars for the arrest of Jefferson Davis.

Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Clement C. Clay.

Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Jacob Thompson, late of Mississippi.

Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of George N. Sanders.

Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Beverly Tucker, and

Ten thousand dollars for the arrest of William C. Cleary, late clerk of Clement C. Clay.

The Provost Marshal General of the United States is directed to cause a description of said persons, with notice of the above rewards, to be published.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, the second day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and of the Inde-

pendence of the United States of America the eighty-ninth.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

By the President:

W. HUNTER, Acting Secretary of State.

BOOTH'S FLIGHT FROM WASHINGTON.

Now that J. Wilkes Booth has been captured the necessity for withholding the facts and incidents connected with his flight from Washington no longer exist. It is due to the officials at Washington that many of these facts should be made public. Some of the radical journals have been censuring Secretary Stanton in regard to his proclamation in reference to the inhabitants of Prince George and St. Marys counties, Maryland, for their noted hostility to the government and protection to rebel blockade runners, rebel spies and every species of public enemy, and that Booth fled in that direction. Several journals of that school have endeavored to make out that the administration were not vigilant in their efforts to capture the assassins, and with some of the sheets here, taking their cue, no doubt, from General Butler, who originated a theory which convinced himself that Booth did not leave Washington, denounced the officials for not searching every house within the District of Columbia. This class appeared enraged that their theory was not adopted. But the facts in the case clearly prove that the officials knew very well that Booth did leave Washington on the night on which he committed the deed, and that, passing through Leonardtown, Md., he had found refuge in Maryland—in the very locality indicated by Stanton in the bulletin of the 22d instant, which reads as follows:—

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, April 22, 1865.

The counties of Prince George, Charles and St. Marys have during the rebellion been noted for hostility to the government and their protection to rebel blockade runners, rebel spies and every species of public enemies, the murderers of the President harbored there before the murder, and Booth fled in that direction. If he escapes it will be owing to rebel accomplices in that region.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

It appears that J. Wilkes Booth has for some time past kept a fleet saddle horse at a stable—a small building resembling very much one of those shanty structures erected by workmen along the line of a railroad during its construction. This stable was on the right hand side of the alley as you go from Ford's theatre to the rear. On the day of the assassination the stable was unoccupied. It appears that his horse had been sent to some other locality, and was not to be found on that night, nor subsequently, as far as we have been able to learn. It also appears that his horse was to bear some confederate in the plot and not Booth from the city, unless it was stationed as a relay at some point outside of the city. On the day of the assassination Booth hired one of the best blooded and fleetest animals that could be found in the city. This was the horse that was held for him in the rear of the theatre. The animal stood within three feet of the small door leading to the rear of the stage, there waiting for the assassin to go through with his tragic deed. The fact that this horse could not be found anywhere within the District of Columbia was proof that Booth had fled the city.

It is now known that Booth's horse fell with him and broke his leg below the knee early on Saturday morning, April 15, at the identical hour at which the President died. Sufficient evidence had been obtained early on Saturday to prove that Booth had gone, with the aid of Harold, into Maryland and had sought refuge at the house of Dr. Mott, on the eastern shore of that State, in the vicinity of the Potomac. Here his wounds were dressed and he and his accomplice carefully hid for nearly a week, but the government authorities had not been idle, the swamp in which he was secreted was immediately surrounded.

The Eighth Illinois cavalry were immediately ordered on an expedition, with four days rations—they knew not whither until they were about departing. But their mission was into Prince George and St. Marys counties, to picket and scour the whole country over. Pickets were established along this shore of the Potomac as close to each other as practicable with their force and the nature of the country, in the hope of preventing Booth crossing the Potomac into Virginia.

On Thursday it was reported that Booth had attempted to cross the river a short distance from Point Lookout, having hired for that purpose a negro to ferry him across the river. But the boat was intercepted, and he made a hasty retreat to the Maryland shore. Thus at first they were from two or three days behind him, but generally obtained trace of him nearer. The soldiers were ordered to examine every bush, log, house, barn, cabin, and in fact every hole in that section, which was being carried out to the very letter. The orders of Stanton had the effect to frighten the inhabitants who had been harboring Booth, and some of them began to furnish information of his whereabouts, until finally Booth was traced into a swamp in St. Mary's county, and his escape across the river ascertained but a few hours after he left. He was followed at once into Virginia, and found, as has been announced by the Secretary of War, in a barn. The building was fired, and Booth, attempting to escape, was shot and killed.

Thus it will be seen that the administration done all that they could do, and did not squander their time in searching Washington, knowing very well that he was not there, but directed all their efforts to the locality where Booth was known to have sought a refuge.

THE KILLING OF BOOTH.

Secretary Stanton to Major General Dix.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, April 27—9:20 A. M.

Major General DIX, New York:—

J. Wilkes Booth and Harold were chased from the swamp in St. Mary's county, Maryland, to Garrett's farm, near Port Royal, on the Rappahannock, by Colonel Baker's forces.

The barn in which they took refuge was fired.

Booth, in making his escape, was shot through the head and killed, lingering about three hours, and Harold was captured.

Booth's body and Harold are now here.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Our Special Washington Despatches.

WASHINGTON, April 27, 1865.

Late yesterday afternoon intelligence was received here that J. Wilkes Booth, the murderer of President Lincoln, had been overtaken by a party sent out by Col. L. C. Baker, special detective of the War Department, and had been mortally wounded in the attempt to capture him. The restrictive order of the War Department, prohibiting anything in regard to arrests or investigations concerning the conspiracy from being sent by telegraph, prevented the transmission of this news last night. This prohibition was this morning removed, as far as the case of Booth and his accomplice, David Harold, are concerned. The following are the facts in regard to the affair, derived from those who participated in it.—

THE FIRST TRACE OF BOOTH.

Information having been obtained that on the morning of Saturday after the murder Dr. Mott, living in Maryland, about twenty miles below Washington, had dressed an injured leg for J. Wilkes Booth, Dr. Mott at that time not having heard of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, detectives were put upon the trail, and it was ascertained that Booth and Harold had crossed the Potomac river in the neighborhood of Swann Point. On Monday [illegible] of First Lieutenant Edward Docherty, Sixteenth New York cavalry, with a detachment of twenty-five cavalrymen of that regiment, and accompanied by some of Colonel Baker's detectives, proceeded by steamer to Belle Plain. The following is the

STATEMENT OF LIEUTENANT DOCHERTY.

On Tuesday afternoon [illegible] a man named Jett, by whom Booth and Harold had been ferried across the Rappahannock river at Hobbins Point. Jett lives about three miles north of Port Royal, on the Rappahannock. At first Jett refused to communicate anything; but upon being threatened with instant death if he did not, he agreed to lead the party to the place where Booth and Harold were concealed. They were found on Tuesday night, in a barn, on the premises of Mr. Garrett, about three miles from Port Royal. They had ridden there from the ferry, both mounted on one horse.

THE ASSASSINS SURROUNDED.

The cavalry surrounded the barn and summoned the inmates to surrender. At first Booth insisted that he was alone. He talked with the men for three hours through the crevices of the barn, through which he could see plainly all that were outside, while they could distinguish nothing within. He told Lieutenant Docherty he had a bead drawn upon him, and could shoot him if he chose, but did not fire.

THE BARN FIRED.

At last, as guerillas were gathering in the vicinity, and Lieutenant Docherty feared his little party might be overpowered and lose the prisoners, he determined to burn them out. The barn was therefore set on fire, when Harold gave himself up; but Booth refused to surrender, and prepared to use his weapons. Lieutenant Docherty then gave the order to Sergeant Corbett to fire, which he did, through one of the crevices, and shot Booth in the head. Upon being shot Booth exclaimed, "It is all up now, I'm gone."

He was found to be wounded in the head, very nearly in the same spot where the fatal ball of the assassin entered the head of President Lincoln.

A doctor was sent for, and brandy administered, but he died in about two hours after he was shot. He did not deny his crime, but declared that he died for his country. He was armed with two six barrell d and one seven bar relled revolvers and a large knife, probably the same which he flourished on the stage on the occasion of the assassination. He had also three packages of pistol cartridges, some bills of exchange, but only about one hundred and seventy-five dollars in Treasury notes. The bills of exchange were on a Canadian bank, were dated to October last, when Booth was there, and are received as an important link in the chain of evidence showing that the assassination was planned in Canada.

The capture occurred about three o'clock on Wednesday morning. His left leg was much swollen from an injury, probably received when he leaped from the President's box upon the stage at the theatre, although he had told Dr. Mott that he had been hurt by his horse falling upon it.

The body of Booth was brought into Belle Plain at eight o'clock last night, on board the steamer John S. Ides, Captain Henry Wilson, and is now at the Navy Yard. It is already in a stage of advanced decomposition.

Harold has been lodged in a safe place.

The ferryman Jett is reported to have escaped after piloting Lieutenant Docherty to the barn. He is said to have been paid three hundred dollars for the use of his boat.

STATEMENT OF SERGEANT BOSTON CORBETT.

On Tuesday afternoon my superior officer, Lieutenant Edward P. Docherty, received information that two persons, answering to the description of Booth and his accomplice, Harold, were concealed in a barn on the place of Henry Garrett, about three miles from Port Royal, in the direction of Bowling Green. There we captured a man named Jett, who ferried Booth and his companion across the Potomac. At first he denied knowing about the matter, but when threatened with death if he did not reveal the spot where the assassins were secreted, he told us where they could be found, and piloted us to the place.

Booth and Harold reached the barn about dusk on Tuesday evening. The barn was at once surrounded by our cavalry, and some of our party engaged in conversation with Booth from the outside. He was commanded several times to surrender, but made no reply to the demand further than "If you want me you must take me." When first asked to surrender he asked, "Who do you take me for?" A short time afterward, in response to the question as to whether there was anybody else with him in the barn, he stated that he was the only person in the building—that his companion, Harold, had taken another direction, and was beyond the reach of capture.

At three o'clock, or a little after, the barn was fired. Before the flames were kindled Booth had the advantage of us in respect to light. He could see us but we could not see him. But after that the tables were turned against him, we could see him plainly but could not be seen by him. The flames appeared to confuse him, and he made a spring toward the door, as if to attempt to force his way out. As he passed by one of the crevices in the barn I fired at him. I aimed at his body, I did not want to kill him; I took deliberate aim at his shoulder, but my aim was too high. The ball struck him in the head, just below the right ear, and, passing through, came out about an inch above the left ear. I think he stooped to pick up something just as I fired. That may probably account for his receiving the ball in the head. I was not over eight or ten yards distant from him when I fired. I was afraid that if I did not wound him he would kill some of our men. After he was wounded I went into the barn. Booth was lying in a reclining position on the floor. I asked him—

"Where are you wounded?"

He replied, in a very feeble voice, his eyeballs glaring with a peculiar brilliancy,

"In the head. You have finished me."

He was then carried out of the burning building into the open air, where he died about two hours and a half afterwards. About an hour before he breathed his last he prayed for us to shoot him through the heart and thus end his misery. His sufferings appeared to be intense. Booth, although he could have killed several of our party, seemed to be afraid to fire. Mine was the only shot fired on either side. When he fell he had in his hand a six-barrelled revolver, and at his feet was lying a seven shooter, which he dropped after he was wounded. Two other revolvers were also near him. He declared that the arms belonged to him, and that Harold had nothing to do with the murder. We gave him brandy, and four men went in search of a doctor, whom we found about four miles from the scene of the occurrence. But when the doctor arrived Booth was dying. He did not talk much after receiving his wound. When asked if he had anything to say, he replied:—

"I die for my country," and asked those standing by to tell his mother so. He did not deny his crime.

SKETCH OF SERGEANT BOSTON CORBETT.

Sergeant Corbett, the soldier who shot Booth, the assassin, belongs to Company L, Sixteenth New York cavalry. He was born in London, England, in 1832, and came to this country when seven years of age. He has lived in Troy, New York, where he learned his trade as hat finisher, and subsequently worked in Albany, Boston, Richmond and New York, and enlisted in the latter city in the Twelfth New York State Militia, Colonel Butterfield. While serving under Colonel Butterfield he called the Colonel to order for swearing. The present is his fourth enlistment. Corbett is a regular Cromwellian and a devout Christian. About seven years ago he became converted, and joined the Methodist Episcopal church in Boston. Never having been baptized, he says he was at a loss what name to adopt, and he therefore made it a subject of prayer, when he believed himself instructed to take the name of Boston, the place of his conversion. He was accordingly baptized, upon joining the church, Boston, and his name stands upon the muster roll of the company as Boston Corbett. His religious faith would in the present age almost be called fanaticism. On Friday night he visited McKendry chapel and prayed with great earnestness that God would not lay innocent blood to our charge, but bring the guilty to punishment. He feels assured that Booth was delivered into his hands in answer to his prayers. He appears a very intelligent young man, and, aside from a modest reserve, converses with much intelligence and interest.

Last June a detachment of the Sixteenth was sent to the vicinity of Culpepper, where they were hemmed in by Mosby, and nearly all compelled to surrender, except Corbett, who stood out manfully and fired his revolver and twelve shots from his breech-loading rifle at his assailants before surrendering, which he did after firing his last round of ammunition. Mosby, in admiration of the bravery displayed by Corbett, ordered his men not to shoot him, and received his surrender with other expressions of admiration. He was taken to Lynchburg and thence to Andersonville, where he experienced, during five months imprisonment, the same treatment as others have so numerously testified to. Out of fourteen members of his company, fellow captives, but one beside himself returned. Upon one occasion he made his escape, but was tracked by bloodhounds and returned to captivity. When exchanged he was but a skeleton, and has not yet fully regained his health.

SKETCH OF LIEUTENANT DOHERTY.

Lieutenant Docherty, who commanded the party which captured Booth and Harold, was formerly of Boston, Mass. He is a gallant officer, full of energy and pluck. In the first Bull run battle he belonged to the Seventy-first New York infantry. He subsequently participated in many of the battles of the war, in all of which he was remarkable for his courageous conduct. He was some time ago much extolled by the press for his gallantry in conducting a reconnoissance of the head of a detachment of the Sixteenth New York cavalry, in which he ran into and cut his way through a division of rebel cavalry, near Culpepper Court House, Virginia.

Booth had two crutches in the barn. When Lieutenant Docherty started to return with the dead and living prisoners Harold refused to walk, when a rope was fastened around his neck and the other end to the saddle of one of the cavalrymen. As soon as a horse could be procured he was placed upon it and brought up to this city in irons.

WASHINGTON, April 27, 1865.

Up to Sunday last the belief was entertained by Colonel Baker and other detective officers who were seeking for the assassin Booth, that he was still concealed in this city, and that the men who had passed into lower Maryland on the night of the murder of Mr. Lincoln were simply decoys. On Sunday Colonel Baker obtained information which convinced him that Booth and Harold had really been concealed in the meantime in a swamp in St. Mary's county, and had on that day crossed the Potomac from Swann Point, a short distance above Leonardtown, to Bluff Point, on the Virginia shore opposite. They crossed in a skiff, which they rowed themselves, and for which they paid three hundred dollars.

About one o'clock on Monday last Colonel Baker asked for a detail of twenty-five cavalry, which were sent to him, under command of Lieutenant Docherty. He then detailed Lieutenant Colonel E. J. Conger and Lieutenant L. B. Baker, formerly of the cavalry under his (Colonel Baker's) command, and at present attached to his office, and instructed them to proceed with the escort to Belle Plain, and move as rapidly as possible for Bowling Green, believing that Booth and Harold would attempt to reach Orange Court House and get around our forces in Virginia.

Colonel Conger and his party left Belle Plain on Monday night at ten o'clock. They proceeded about three miles towards Fredericksburg, and then turned southeast towards the Rappahannock river. They reached Port Conway, on the Rappahannock, about one o'clock P. M. on Tuesday. At this point it was ascertained, from a man named Rollins, that on Monday two men, answering exactly the description of Booth and Harold, had offered him ten dollars to take them to Bowling Green, which he agreed to, but afterwards the one answering the description of Harold came to him and said they did not need his services, as they had found friends who would do all they desired. It was ascertained that they had crossed the river at about one o'clock P. M. on Monday, with the assistance of three rebel soldiers, and had started immediately for Bowling Green. Colonel Conger and his party were detained in crossing the river, as only two horses at a time could be carried across in the limited ferry arrangements to be had. They left Port Royal, however, at about five o'clock P. M. on Tuesday. When half way to Bowling Green they were informed by some woman that the party of five who had passed down the road on Monday had returned that day, except one, and that "no lame" man had come back.

Having heard that Booth was lame, and supposing that he had been left at Bowling Green, the party of pursuers went on to that place, and surrounded the hotel about eleven o'clock P. M. Here they captured a rebel soldier—the man alluded to in a previous despatch—who had ferried the culprits across the Rappahannock. They were informed by this prisoner that Booth had stopped at Garrett's farm, three miles from Port Royal, as they went down on Monday, and that Harold had gone back on Tuesday evening to join him.

Lieutenant Colonel Conger's party then returned to Garrett's, and surrounded the dwelling and outhouses. They were told by Garrett's son, a youth, that there were two men hid in the barn. This was about two o'clock A. M. on Wednesday. Proceeding to the barn, Lieutenant Baker was sent forward, and called upon Booth to come out, give up his arms and surrender, and that young Garrett would come into the barn to receive his arms. Upon his entering the barn Booth said to the young man, "Get out of here; you have betrayed me."

Under the direction of Colonel Conger, a colloquy then took place between Lieutenant Baker and Booth, of which the following is the substance:—

Lieutenant BAKER—You must give up your arms and surrender. We have come to take you a prisoner, and will treat you as a prisoner. We will give you five minutes to surrender, or we will burn the barn.

BOOTH—Who are you, and what do you want?

Instructions had been given to Lieutenant Baker not to disclose the character of those who were in pursuit.

Lieutenant BAKER—We want you. We intend to take you prisoner.

BOOTH—This is a hard case. It may be that I am to be taken by my friends.

After some further colloquy of this sort Booth, seemingly convinced that he was in the toils of federal soldiers, said—"Give me a chance for my life. I am a cripple, with one leg. Withdraw your men one hundred yards from the barn, and I will come out and fight you."

Lieutenant BAKER—We did not come here to fight, but to take you prisoner. You must give up your arms and surrender.

BOOTH—Let me have time to consider.

A conversation in the barn between Booth and Harold then took place, which was not overheard by the party outside. In about fifteen or twenty minutes Booth called out, "Who are you? I could have picked off half a dozen of your men while we were talking. I could have shot you two or three times, but I don't want to kill anybody."

Lieutenant BAKER—Then give up your arms and surrender. We have come here to take you.

BOOTH—I will never surrender. I will never be taken alive.

Lieutenant BAKER—If you don't do so immediately we will set fire to the barn.

BOOTH—Well, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me.

After this a conversation took place inside between Booth and Harold, during which Booth was heard to say, "You damned coward, will you leave me now? But go—go. I don't want you to stay with me."

He then addressed the party outside, and said, "There is a man here who wants to come out."

Lieut. BAKER—Let him hand out his arms and come out.

Another talk here occurred between Booth and Harold, in which it appeared that the latter was begging to be allowed to take out some arms with him, and Booth was heard to say, "Go away from me. I don't want anything more to do with you."

Harold then came to the door, and asked to be let out. Lieutenant Baker said, "No, hand out your arms." Harold replied, "I have none."

Lieut. BAKER—Yes, you have; you carried a carbine when you came here. You must hand it out.

BOOTH—He has no arms. They are all mine. Upon my word as a gentleman, he has no arms. All the arms here belong to me.

Lieutenant Baker then approached the door. Harold thrust out his hands and was pulled from the door, tied, and placed in charge of a guard.

When Harold had come out, Colonel Conger was satisfied that further parley with Booth was vain; that he would not surrender, and, passing to the other side of the barn he pulled out a whisp of hay from one of the crevices, and lighting it by a match, thrust it back among the hay. Within a few minutes the blazing hay lighted up the inside of the barn. Booth, who was at first discovered leaning upon a crutch, threw it down, and with the carbine in his hands, came towards the side where the fire had been applied. But the light of the fire prevented him from seeing who was on the outside. He paused, looked at the fire for a moment, and then started towards the door.

When about the middle of the barn he was shot by Sergeant Corbett, who had, meanwhile, crept up to the barn, and fired through a crevice of the boards. It is the opinion of Colonel Baker's officers that if this shot had not been fired they would in a few minutes more have had the assassin in their custody alive.

Booth fell on the floor of the barn. Colonel Conger and Lieutenant Baker immediately entered, and, with the assistance of two of the soldiers, removed the wounded man and placed him on the grass outside of the barn. He appeared to be insensible, but in a few minutes partially revived, and made efforts to speak. By placing his ear close to Booth's mouth Col. Conger could hear him say, "Tell mother I die for my country."

He was then carried to the porch of Garrett's house. Colonel Conger sent to Port Royal for a physician, who, on his arrival, found Booth dying. Before the moment of final dissolution he repeated:—"Tell mother I died for my country. I did what I thought was for the best."

When an effort was made to revive him, by bathing his face and hands in cold water, he uttered the words "useless—useless."

He was shot at about fifteen minutes past three A. M., and died a little after seven A. M. on Wednesday.

When it was ascertained that he was dead, the body was placed upon a cart—the only conveyance that could be procured—and brought to Belle Plain, where it was placed upon the steamer and conveyed to the Navy Yard at Washington. After being deposited there it was identified by Dr. May, of this city, who had on one occasion cut a tumor from Booth's neck, and recognized the scar thus made. It was also identified by some thirty others, who were familiar with Booth during his lifetime. The body was somewhat bruised on the back and shoulders by the ride in the cart from Garrett's farm to Belle Plain, but the features were natural and perfectly recognizable.

After the identification, by order of the War Department the body was privately interred, in the clothing which was upon it at the time Booth was shot. Previous to being landed at the Navy Yard the body of Booth was for a time placed upon a gunboat in the harbor, and some of the officers availed themselves of the opportunity to secure locks of the hair of the murderer.

Mr. W. N. Walton's Despatch.

WASHINGTON, May 3, 1865.

It is immaterial here to state the hour and date Booth crossed into Maryland from the District of Columbia, as that is a matter which will come before the tribunals of the country. Suffice [illegible] accomplice, Harold, met him somewhere [illegible] over the Eastern branch of the Potomac [illegible]. They then proceeded to Upper Marlboro [illegible] Piscataway and Port Tobacco, and [illegible] where they crossed the Potomac, [illegible] at Cedar Point, near which is the farm [illegible]

THE PURSUIT BEGUN.

A squad of cavalry, under command of [illegible] Baker, Company F, Sixteenth New [illegible] Lieutenant [illegible] McNaughton, Com[illegible] New York cavalry, proceeded along [illegible] indicated, and arrested Dr. Mudd, wh[illegible] leg. From Dr. Mudd's house Booth [illegible] ceeded to Cox's by some conveyance [illegible] paid a darkey two several sums of [illegible] dollars. On reaching Cox's they were [illegible] probably entertained; so much so that, [illegible] refreshments, they proceeded in [illegible] along the road, and in the evening he [illegible] cured more provisions from his house [illegible]

THEY ARE RECOGNIZED AND DECAMP.

They then reached Turner's, about [illegible] Bryantown, and while eating some re[illegible] vant was sent out to inform the neigh[illegible] ers, Booth having been recognized [illegible] the dilemma they were in, and, seizing [illegible] table, decamped, and took refuge [illegible] underbrush. There are no other inc[illegible] can be published at present, as the [illegible] extreme caution in giving details. [illegible] lead presented Booth with a buffalo r[illegible] shared in the fire of Garrett's barn, [illegible] tured.

HOW BOOTH RECROSSED THE POTOMAC.

The assassins crossed the Potomac [illegible] about fourteen feet long, which is [illegible] the authorities. They left Cedar Point [illegible] night of Saturday, and arrived at Gam[illegible] stream that empties into the Potomac [illegible] shore, a little north of the Upper Ma[illegible] daylight. There they rested some [illegible] was suffering from pain, in consequence [illegible] his leg, his accomplice—his brother, [illegible] went over the flat, to the nearest [illegible] small, dilapidated farm house, known [illegible] and occupied by an aged free negro, [illegible] Harold asked "Old" to direct him to [illegible] who lives at the mouth of the Upper [illegible] whom he had been directed by some [illegible] which he did. He (Harold) then went [illegible] inquired for the lady of the house. [illegible] informed him her mother was out rid[illegible] ture a Mr. Baden, who is a paroled re[illegible] had been the recipient of the lady's [illegible] days, came up to the door and asked [illegible] was, what he wanted, what was his na[illegible] fictitious name. Baden looked at hi[illegible] thinking from his dress and [illegible] very suspicious looking character, an[illegible]

"I think I have seen you before [illegible]"

After some parley he (Harold) adm[illegible] his name was Harold, and that he for[illegible] cine with a Dr. Robinson, in Charles [illegible] whom Baden was acquainted, and w[illegible] acquaintance of Harold. Whilst, in [illegible] this, he seemed much confused, an[illegible] color, evidently embarrassed at being [illegible] stated that he wanted to procure a [illegible] who had been thrown from his horse, [illegible] proceed to Port Royal, on the Rappa[illegible] Baden told him the lady of the house [illegible] if he walked down the river side he w[illegible] her.

THE YOUNG LADY'S STATEMENT.

The following is the statement I p[illegible] Lucy, the daughter of the lady referr[illegible]

A man, whom it was subsequen[illegible] Harold, came to her mother's house [illegible] Sunday morning, April 23. He said [illegible] confederate prisoner from a Yankee [illegible] wanted to go to Dr. R. Stewart's. [illegible] directed him to the house as the on[illegible] person on the Maryland side, as the [illegible] the upper Machodoc creek. He said [illegible] prison with his brother his brother's [illegible] his leg. After some further conversa[illegible] young ladies (there were two in the [illegible] riding on the water; if so he had a s[illegible] would present to them. At this j[illegible] came up, as above referred to, and [illegible] stopped further conversation. As [illegible] the entire innocence of the lady an[illegible] complicity with the crime, and bein[illegible] quested to suppress her name, as [illegible] be deeply wounded by its publicity, a[illegible] willingly and unfortunately connecte[illegible] tion. I give her own statement in fu[illegible]

THE MOTHER'S STATEMENT.

On Sunday morning, about ten o'[illegible] came to my house and inquired for th[illegible] I was then absent from home. On [illegible] quested me to furnish him some [illegible] wished to go to Port Royal. I told [illegible] veyance. He then wanted to buy o[illegible]

[illegible]

THE ASSASSINS PROCURE A CONVEYANCE.

[illegible]

MR. STEWART REJECTS THEM.

[illegible]

HOW THEY ACTED AT THE NEGRO'S HOUSE.

[illegible]

THE CONVERSATION WITH THE GARRETT FAMILY.

[illegible]

THE OBJECT OF THE SECOND EXPEDITION.

[illegible]

THE CERTIFICATE WHICH CAPT. JETT REFUSED TO SIGN.

[illegible]

The Other Assassins.

[illegible]

Suicide of a Supposed Conspirator at Baltimore.

[illegible]

night the body was exhumed, embalmed and sent to Washington, by order of the government.

The affair causes much speculation, and there are many reports in connection with it, as well as some facts, which it is deemed imprudent to publish at present.

Demand for the Surrender of Conspirators in Canada.

WASHINGTON, April 29, 1865.

Notice has been given by our Consul General in Canada that all the criminals connected with the murder of Mr. Lincoln must be surrendered to the United States authorities. This has a meaning.

John Wilkes Booth's Last Letter to His Mother.

A letter written by John Wilkes Booth to his mother, dated on the morning of the 14th of April, the day of assassination, has fallen into the hands of the government authorities. It is directed to "Mrs. M. A. Booth, No. 28 East Nineteenth street, New York, N. Y.," and bears a Washington, D. C., Post office stamp, dated April 14. It bears the appearance of having been written in considerable haste, and is all contained on one side of half a sheet of note paper:—

APRIL 14—2 A. M.

DEAREST MOTHER—I know you expect a letter from me, and am sure you will hardly forgive me. But indeed I have had nothing to write about. Everything is dull; that is, has been till last night (The illumination.) Everything was bright and splendid. More so in my eyes if it had been a display in a nobler cause. But so goes the world. Might makes right. I only drop you these few lines to let you know I am well, and to say I have not heard from you. Excuse brevity, am in haste. Had one from Rose. With best love to you all, I am your affectionate son ever, JOHN.

How Booth's Body was Disposed Of.

[From the Boston Advertiser.]

WASHINGTON, May 2, 1865.

The vexed question as to the disposal made of the remains of John Wilkes Booth is at length settled by a statement which may be regarded as final. After the head and heart, which have been deposited in the army medical museum in this city, had been removed, the corpse was placed in charge of two men, who, after various movements calculated to baffle impertinent curiosity, dug a grave in a little spot of ground close to the penitentiary, where for some years felons have been buried. Booth's body was deposited here, and the earth over it was smoothed and carefully sodded over. The other graves of less infamous felons had previously been levelled, and a strong guard is now in charge of the spot, and will continue to keep it undisturbed until the grass has grown so thickly that no one will ever be able to distinguish the place where the assassin's corpse was interred from the other nameless graves around it.

Circumstances of the Arrest of Junius Brutus Booth.

[From the Philadelphia Ledger, April 29.]

There were peculiar circumstances connected with the arrest of Junius Brutus Booth in this city. After his arrest by Detective Krapp he was taken to the provost marshal's office, to await the departure of the train for Washington. While in the office he was in charge of two men as a guard. He engaged in very little conversation, but was smoking a cigar, and during this time he frequently took from his pocket what appeared to be scraps of paper with which to light his cigar. The guard did not attach any importance to this, but it afterwards transpired that these were letters and envelopes which were thus destroyed. After he had been sent away, and the attention of Captain Lane and Commissioner Barret was called to the fact, they gathered together the fragments, but the letters were so effectually destroyed that nothing can now be gained from them. The corner of an envelope showed the printed inscription, "British Provinces," and a small remnant of the letter inside of this envelope contains only the words "your brother."

While in the office Junius Booth was engaged in looking over a Bible on the table. When he had finished this he took a narrow slip of paper and wrote a letter on it; it appears to have been a letter. It was written on both sides; but as soon as finished he tore them into small pieces and threw them into the spit box or on the floor. After he was gone an attempt was made to collect the fragments of this letter, but without success. Enough was found to show that the letter was intended for his sister, and referred to the fact that he was waiting in the Marshal's office for the cars. He bade her be of good cheer. There is also a reference to "grandma," but the rest of the sentence is gone. Attention is called to two figures; one can be made out—the forty-ninth, the other is not decipherable, as a part of the numerals are torn off and lost.

Arrest of John S. Clarke, the Actor, a Brother-in-Law of the Assassin.

[From the Philadelphia Ledger, April 29.]

Since the arrest of Junius Brutus Booth Mr. John S. Clarke has been taken into custody, by whom or on what charge is not known. His wife only knows that he was taken away by three men two days ago, and has not returned since. The last letter written by J. Wilkes Booth is now in the city. It is dated April 14, two A. M., at Washington, and is addressed to his mother in New York. There is nothing in it, except a reference to the illumination of the previous night, coupled with the statement that it would have been better if done in a better cause. "But," he adds, "might makes right." This, no doubt, is the letter written in the hotel at Washington when he inquired of the bookkeeper the year.

SKETCHES OF THE ASSASSINS.

John Wilkes Booth,

the assassin of President Lincoln, has at last been hunted from his hiding place, and in attempting to escape has been shot and killed. His desperate flight and resistance until shot give an additional interest to the history of the desperado made notorious and infamous by his cowardly assassination of the President.

John Wilkes Booth, the third son of Lucius Junius Booth, the celebrated actor, was born on "The Farm," his father's estate, near Baltimore, in 1838. He made his first appearance on the stage in 1855, under the name of Wilkes, as Richmond, in Richard III, at the St. Charles theatre, Baltimore, being then but seventeen years of age. He subsequently made a regular début under his proper name in Philadelphia, but did not meet with the success his young ambition had anticipated. In 1858 he went to Richmond, Virginia, as a stock actor in George Kunkel's company, but his furious disposition, offensive manners and intemperate habits not only retarded his success professionally, but socially, and his popularity was confined to the class of young desperadoes who haunt Southern cities in great numbers. He habitually went armed, and was often led by his dissipation into numerous quarrels. Leaving Richmond in 1860, he went to Montgomery, where he was engaged as "leading man" at the Montgomery theatre. While there his habits of dissipation did not improve. In 1861 the pistol which he always carried accidentally exploded, wounding him severely in the leg. He was forced to abandon the stage for a time, and came North. When he had recovered he played star engagements in this city, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington—his last appearance professionally being at Ford's theatre, Washington, in the part of Pescara, in the Apostate, for the benefit of Joseph McCullough. This was but a short time previous to the fearful tragedy in which he engaged at the same theatre on the night of April 14, 1865.

It is now known that after committing the deed, which resulted in the death of the President, Booth, in attempting to escape, was thrown from his horse and broke his leg. So admirable, however, were the arrangements of his numerous accomplices, that he was still enabled to get off safely, and, in spite of the rigorous pursuit of the government detectives, to cross both the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers before being captured or killed.

In person Booth was not tall, but handsomely formed, with regular features and fine complexion. His hair, jet black and glossy, curled slightly, and set off in fine relief a high, intellectual forehead, and a face full of intelligence. Both chin and nose were marked prominent, and the firm set lips and lines about the mouth indicated firmness of will, decision and resolution. He was scrupulously neat in his dress, and selected his habit with a rare perception of what was becoming to his figure and complexion. He would pass anywhere for a really thorough not over-dressed man of fashion. He was unmarried and much given to amours. It is said that he was an opium eater, but it is only certain that he frequently drank to excess. He was a dead shot, a fine fencer, a thorough horseman, and a master of the dagger or bowie knife. His personal bravery was never questioned. It has been stated by Washington papers, with an air of authority, that at the time of his murder of the President he held a commission in the rebel army as lieutenant colonel, but if so, the appointment was of course a secret save to a few.

David C. Harold.

This accomplice of Booth, and who, next to Atzerot, appears to have been his chief assistant in the horrible transaction in which he engaged, was a resident of Washington city, and a son of the late A. G. Harold, a well known citizen of the Sixth ward, Washington city, and for many years the principal clerk in the Naval Store, Washington. Harold, the assassin, was educated at Charlotte Hall, St. Marys county, Md., and was well acquainted with the topography of that district. He has long been known as an idle, dissipated young man, leading a fast life on invisible means of support. For a couple of months previous to the murder he had been very intimate with Booth. Harold is only twenty-three years of age. Secretary Stanton lately offered a reward of twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Harold.

George A. Atzerot.

George A. Atzerot, another accomplice and assistant of Booth, for whom Secretary Stanton offered a reward of twenty five thousand dollars, was arrested near Middleburg, Montgomery county, Maryland, on April 20. He was found at the house of his cousin, Ernst Hartmann Richter, by Sergeant Gemmill, of Captain Townsend's company, First Delaware cavalry. Richter at first denied the presence of Atzerot in the house, and afterwards, with his wife, told conflicting stories about him. The sergeant found by questioning different parties whom Atzerot had visited, that the accused had come from Washington a day or two before, and at the house of one of the gentlemen, while eating dinner, had, upon the assassination of the President being broached, abruptly stopped eating and made use of the following language:—"If all of them had done their duty Grant would have been fixed in the same way!" Atzerot has been on quite intimate terms with a portion of the Surratt family, and alleges that his business from his home, at Port Tobacco, in Charles county, was with one of that family in reference to a coal oil speculation that they were about entering into. He says that he knew Booth quite well, but had not seen him for some time. He alleges that he left his home about two weeks since, and has been about Washington most of the time since, endeavoring to sell a horse to the government. In this particular his statements verged upon the ludicrous. First he had one horse which he brought from Port Tobacco with him, then he had two horses, one of which belonged to Surratt; then again they were both his, and so on, mixing his account up in such a manner that it was almost impossible to make head or tail of it. He had heard of the assassination of President Lincoln while standing in Pennsylvania avenue, but paid no attention to it, although there was great excitement on the street at the time. He stopped in Washington all that night, and the next morning (Saturday) went to Georgetown, returned to Washington, went to Georgetown again, and took the stage for Rockville; from thence he went to see some of his friends, and then went to the residence of his cousin. Atzerot is a German by birth and was a hired assassin, paid to do the deed by those who had money but had not the courage to do it themselves. It is reported that he said to one of his friends, some weeks since, that he "was poor now, but in a few weeks he would have plenty of gold."

Lewis Payne, the Person Who Assaulted Secretary Seward.

This person was arrested in Washington on the night of the 17th inst., at the house of a Mrs. Surratt. He was taken before the persons who were in Secretary Seward's house on the occasion of the assault, all of whom identified him as the person who had attempted to commit the murder. He gave his name as Lewis Payne, but it is believed that it is not his true one, and that he is in reality Thomas, the so-called French lady, who captured the steamer St. Nicholas, in 1861. On the 21th inst., this man, while confined in the Old Capitol prison, at Washington, attempted to kill himself by knocking his brains out against the wall, but failed though being badly injured. This man was suspected of having been a St. Albans raider.

The Writer of the Letter Signed "Sam."

This individual, whose name has been kept secret by the authorities, was arrested in Baltimore, April 15, and turned State's evidence, confessing the plan of the double assassination, and putting the detectives on the track. He is a well known resident of Baltimore, and admits that he was engaged in a plot to capture the President, in order to force the government to an exchange of prisoners. When the general exchange was announced, "Sam" refused to engage longer in the scheme, and endeavored to dissuade Booth and the others.

Mrs. M. E. Surratt,

who was arrested at her house in Washington, on April 17, was the mother of John H. Surratt, and the occupant of the house at which Payne was arrested. With her were arrested Miss Anna Surratt, Miss Honora Fitzpatrick and a Miss Holahan.

Junius Brutus Booth

was arrested on the 26th instant at Philadelphia, charged with being cognizant of the intention of his brother to assassinate the President, and has been confined in the Old Capitol prison. It will be remembered that among the letters found in Booth's trunk was one signed "Jun," in the handwriting of Junius Brutus Booth, and alluding in mysterious terms to the unprofitableness of the oil business in connection with the fall of Richmond and surrender of Lee.

Junius Brutus is the oldest son of Lucius Junius Booth and was born in Charleston in 1821.

He made his first appearance on the stage in 1834, at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, as Tyrrel in Richard III, and appeared first in New York at the Bowery in 1851. The same year he went to California. He was married twice, first to Miss Clementine DeBar, an Irish actress from Dublin, and reputed to have been one of the most beautiful women of her day. They subsequently separated, and Booth married a Miss Harriet Mace, who died in San Francisco, in 1859 after a lingering illness. At the time of the assassination of the President, Junius Brutus Booth was playing at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati. He had been up late the night of the murder, left his room and went direct to Pike's Opera House on Saturday morning to attend rehearsal, totally unaware of what had transpired. An excited crowd had already clamored at the door for him, torn down the bill in which he was announced, and had only left on assurance that he would not play, and that no performance would be had that evening. When he appeared on the stage, Mr. Simmons, acting manager, drew him to one side, and cautioned him against too much publicity. He inquired why, and, on being told the news, exclaimed, "My God! can it be possible!" swooned away, and was conveyed from the stage in an insensible condition. He left the city quietly, and had made his way to Philadelphia when arrested.

THE EVIDENCE.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, May 2, 1865.

DEEP INTEREST IN THE DETAILS OF THE PLOT.

Everything relating to the dramatic tragedy which was enacted here on the night of the 14th of April is still sought after with great interest. Every scrap of news in reference to those who were engaged in the assassination and in reference to their accomplices is seized upon with great avidity by a mourning nation. Much has been written, long yarns have been spun out and spread before the people, some of which are based upon facts, while others are mere idle rumors. Half has not yet been told. There are several unwritten chapters, which will be unfolded to the public as the trial of the chief conspirators progresses. There are chapters of such horrid detail and extensive combinations that will startle the country equal to anything which has transpired since the commencement of the wicked, bloodthirsty and thieving rebellion. The public have no idea of the extent to which the authorities have probed this plot. The accounts published give but a faint idea. They know how the chief actor in the tragedy has been tracked and followed through Maryland and hunted down in Virginia, and how he died like a dog, but this is but one portion of the whole affair, but one branch of the main stream which has been gone over. In almost every other respect equal success has crowned the efforts of the authorities; and, in fact, in some instances, with much greater success as the public will see in the due course of time. The persons taken into custody as participators, aiders and abettors, or in some way accomplices to this tragic deed, are numbered almost by hundreds. There are still a few at large, until they are captured. It will not be the part of wisdom to publish in detail the developments in full which have transpired. It is but proper to state that the principal actors—the men who on the night of the 14th were at their posts and performed their allotted portion of the work—are in limbo, except it may be one person, and he had but a minor part to act, and may be classed as one of the stock company in the plot.

THE CONSPIRATORS PREPARING FOR THEIR WORK SINCE LAST AUGUST.

The extent of the conspiracy is beyond what has been imagined. The facts are not conclusive where it originated, but circumstances point very strong to its being the work of the fire-eating Southerners, who, by their flaming speeches and boasts that a Brutus would arise to plant the dagger in the breast of the first anti-slavery President that was ever elected, gave the idea to their followers, which has been put in practice by the over-zealous fanatics in our midst, who had not the courage to enter the Southern armies and fight for the cause which they pretended to uphold. Whether the detail or the employment of the leading men in the tragedy was the work of the rebel conspirators who had sought refuge in Canada, or not the facts in the trial will no doubt tell. The fact that some of the parties connected with it were participators in the St. Albans raid, and confederates in the attempt to burn New York city last fall, furnishes strong circumstantial evidence that the same brain that planned or instigated those atrocious deeds instigated and set in motion the plot for assassinating our late lamented Chief Magistrate.

One thing is certain, that the parties who were to execute the atrocious deed which has filled the land with mourning commenced holding their meetings in Washington as long ago as August, 1864. They were bound together by one of the strongest oaths ever taken by mortals, and every person who was admitted to the secret was bound to remain faithful to the end at the penalty of death—his life to be taken by one of his associates. Many of the confederates were not taken fully into the secret, and even those who were allowed to approach it by degrees as their faithfulness to their oath had been tested. The authorities have been fortunate enough to ascertain where, when and how often the conspirators held their meetings, and have taken into custody the people who occupied the houses where they met. The number which were taken into the secret before the consummation of the deed was so large that it is astonishing that some one of the number did not reveal it.

It is now generally noticed that several of the secession sympathizing residents of Washington were in excellent spirits on the morning of the 14th ult., so much so as to attract the attention of many of the loyal citizens. There were two or three persons who gave it as their opinion that Booth had some dastardly plot on hand, but all such were laughed at for discovering nurses' nests, and failed to notify the authorities. But as soon as the deed was done, and Mr. Lincoln had breathed his last, there were numerous parties who had circumstantial evidence bearing upon it.

HOW THE DETAILS OF THE CONSPIRACY WERE OBTAINED.

It seems that, about three weeks before the plans were put into execution one of the parties revolted at the part of the work which the leaders had allotted to him on the eventful night, and at once manifested a desire to back out. He was, however, reminded of his oath, and every effort made to bring him up to his work. But the more he thought of it the more he became alarmed at the fearful proposition of the hellish schemes. After several days parleying he succeeded in getting the consent of his associates to relieve him from all further connection with them, on the condition that he should leave the city and not return for sixty days. He left the city, and was somewhere within the limits of the Army of the Potomac when the news came there of the assassination of the President. He immediately repaired to Fortress Monroe and gave himself up, and was sent to Washington, arriving there the next morning after the funeral services to Mr. Lincoln at the White House. When taken before the authorities he made a full confession of all that he knew of the plot, as to where and when they met, and who were concerned in it. It is understood that the proclamation issued during that day by Secretary Stanton, offering an additional reward for Booth, also rewards for Atzerot and Harold, were based upon the confession of this prisoner. At any rate the arrests on that day were numerous, and several residents of Washington were among the number. This opened the way for further important developments, all of which will in due time be made public.

THE NUMBER ENGAGED IN EXECUTING THE PLOT

is much larger than has been generally supposed. Besides Booth and his accomplices in and around the theatre, the assassinator of Seward, and Atzerot at the Kirkwood, there were a number engaged in cutting the telegraph wires leading from the War Department, and still another set endeavoring to direct the attention of the authorities from the fleeing culprits. It appears that at precisely ten minutes past ten there were twenty-two wires, leading from the War Office in different directions and connecting with the fortifications and outposts, cut. These wires having been cut at a considerable distance from each other, together with the simultaneousness of this work, shows very plainly that a number of men were engaged in it, and it is now believed that there were twenty-two men appointed to do this work. The time of which this was accomplished furnishes beyond a doubt the hour which the President was assassinated, which heretofore has been stated all the way from half past nine to half past ten. It probably did not vary much from ten o'clock.

THE PRESIDENT, VICE PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY SEWARD THE ONLY INTENDED VICTIMS.

The numerous stories in relation to the contemplated assassination of all the leading officials in the government are all moonshine. At least, the evidence obtained thus far shows that the scheme only contemplated the assassination of President Lincoln, Vice President Johnson and Secretary Seward—no more, and no less. For some reason the person who was to execute the programme on Mr. Johnson failed to do his work. Booth is the only man who carried out his part to the letter. The would-be assassin of Mr. Seward, no doubt considered that he had performed his work thoroughly, but providential circumstances prevented his blows being effective.

There are no facts whatever looking toward the design of touching any other officials, unless perchance they might be in the way, as Fred. Seward was at his father's residence. The stories about Senator Sumner being tired upon since the unerring event of the 14th are all got up for political capital. At least, such is the belief here. He is being pressed for a position in the Cabinet, and this dodge is supposed to be part of the programme to force him into favor with President Johnson in the light of a martyr, and thus secure for him the position of Secretary of State.

THE PARTIES ENGAGED IN THE CONSPIRACY.

The persons engaged in the plot present a motley crew, from the wild and eccentric actor down to a negro carpenter, including the Pennsylvania avenue dandy, blockade runner, and men with their beards still covered with the snows of many winters, and rattle-headed youths hardly out of their teens. The testimony already obtained is so straightforward and convincing that there is no doubt but at least twenty one, if not twenty-three, persons will suffer the penalty of death. There is hardly one chance in a thousand that they can escape—the evidence is so damaging against them. It is said that there are some three persons confederates in the conspiracy who had been pardoned by the President, and escaped death by his tender heart and humane feelings.

There is no truth in the reports that the would-be assassin of Mr. Seward has tried to beat his brains out in his prison. He has remained silent and morose ever since he has been in custody, and has not asked a single question about his arrest or why he is confined. He is said to be a fine formed and athletic person, and takes his confinement in dogged silence.

THE CARPENTER

who fixed the box in the theatre has also been found. It is said that he took charge of Booth's horse early in the evening on the night of the tragedy, and at the proper time led him into the alley at the rear of the theatre, and employed a negro boy, called "Peanut John," to hold it near the door and close to a box, so that the animal could be easily mounted, and then fixed the door leading to the rear of the stage so that there would be no delay in Booth's exit. This person is said to be the same one who built Booth's stable in the alley, and also the carpenter employed to do work in the theatre, such as putting up new scenery, &c.

These are but small portions of the facts elicited; but they show plainly that the authorities have not been idle, and that the capture of a few men and the arrest of numerous parties is not all that has been accomplished. They have gone deeper into the affair, and ascertained a thousand fold more than any person has imagined. Harold, it is understood, is a sort of Man Friday to Booth—his Sancho Panza—his errand boy and man of various work, including watchman to give signs of danger.

Justice bids fair to be swift in visiting these culprits and accomplices. The leader has already died a death of great agony and hard suffering. The future has confined within its unknown mysteries the fate of the balance.

The Movements of Sanders and Tucker Between Richmond and Canada in 1864.

MR. WILLIAM H. MERRIAM'S DESPATCH.

RICHMOND, VA., April 29—4 M.

The despatch of Secretary Stanton to General Dix, bearing date the 24th inst., and reaching us in the HERALD that came here yesterday, has led to much and varied gossip in this brood, in connection with the visits of George N. Sanders to this city previous to the peace negotiations between Clay, Holcomb, Greeley and others, as well as with the concoction in Canada of the plot to assassinate the late President Lincoln. Sanders, it appears, came here before these negotiations so disguised as to make his identity scarcely possible to his most intimate friends. His hair was closely cut, and he wore an old pair of brogans, an antique pilot cloth coat, which was evidently not made for himself, and an ancient pair of pantaloons, too short for his person by several inches. During these visits Sanders was in constant communication with Jeff. Davis and Benjamin, and a frequent visitor of brokers' offices, with a view, it is supposed, to sell or purchase foreign exchange drafts. He was understood at the time to have on foot some negotiations for the construction of war vessels in England for the rebel government by his agency, in which he hoped to realize a large fortune. Sanders and Beverly Tucker were inseparable companions, alternating in their long peregrinations from the executive residence and office of Jeff. Davis to the brokers' offices, and exchange marts, and thence occasionally to the office of a then distinguished lawyer of this city, who was said to have been associated with them in some blockade running enterprises, which promised large yieldings. This lawyer subsequently was appointed assistant secretary of the rebel treasury, and is now a fugitive with the rump of the rebel government. People here are said in those days to have looked with suspicion, and not without grave misgivings, upon the movements of Sanders. His name was so associated with everything that was deceptive and unprincipled in politics, as to have excited distrust of his movements, intimately allied in a mighty measure of his faculties for admitting him to his confidence. Nothing good was expected from a man whose reputation was so bad. In addition to this it was always regarded as an evil omen for the rebel cause abroad, I am told, that such a worthless political profligate should be entrusted with any commission whose execution looked in the direction of its promotion. Sanders fed with felicitous freedom on whiskey, not however, it is related, at his own expense, but at that of the old political hacks who made this city the theatre of their operations after they had been played out in Washington during the closing days of Buchanan's administration. He took, and kept all he got, and plied the sharpers in turn with hopeful words and serene assurances of rich spoil in prospect, until finally he disappeared.

HIS DEPARTURE

was as mysterious as his advent and movements while in this city. In a few weeks after his disappearance his intimate associate, Beverly Tucker, familiarly known as "Bev," was missing, and all, at once, agreed that there was some scheme on foot which would prove anything but advantageous or profitable to the rebel cause. The coincidence of the appearance of Sanders and Tucker, and their disappearance about the same time, could but excite, as it did, serious doubts that they were engaged in any legitimate business involving profit or advantage to the cause which they affected to serve. It was said at the time that Tucker secured his agency in the negotiations through the influence of R. M. T. Hunter, and that Sanders was self constituted, at least so far as his connection with the rebel government was concerned. He went, as I learn, to England, and opened negotiations there with large capitalists and shipbuilders for the construction of ships of war for the rebel government. Having thus laid the foundation for large bargains which he hoped successfully to consummate, in view of the necessity which the rebel government labored under for war ships, he returned again to the confederacy. About the same time his associate, Tucker, returned to this city, and after some interviews with Davis and Benjamin left again very promptly, bringing up at the rendezvous of Sanders, Clay, Holcomb and others at the Clifton House, in Canada. What infamous plans were concocted there the country is left to conjecture from the character of some of the individuals who composed that group of traitors. Perhaps the Secretary of War, in view of the despatch referred to at the beginning of this article, will soon enlighten the public mind on this subject. It is not at all improbable that the plan of assassination was organized in Canada and put in process of execution in Richmond, or [illegible] [illegible]. What became of the five millions of dollars in gold (fifteen millions were asked for) appropriated in rebel secret session for the alleged purpose of bribing Northern men of influence? This question will doubtless be solved through the scrutiny of a close investigation, such as it is presumed, the whole matter will undergo at an early day. These so-called peace negotiators had in view some other object in going to Canada than the restoration of peace. There was something else beneath the surface, which a strict investigation, such as is intimated to be in contemplation by the Secretary of War, will unveil.

JEFF. DAVIS' FLIGHT.

Efforts for the Capture of the Rebel and His Treasure.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., May 2, 1865.

A man who was on one of the railroad trains captured by Stoneman's cavalry, between Greensboro and Salisbury, says that Jeff. Davis was on the same train, on his way to Charlotteville. Learning that the railroad was cut above and below, Davis, with the other passengers, escaped and returned to Greensboro.

Stoneman's cavalry is now in the valley of the Saluda river, with his headquarters at Anderson, S. C., and the cavalry are scouting from there towards Augusta, Ga., with instructions, if they can hear of Jeff. and his treasure, to follow him as long as there is a horse left.

The infantry portion of Stoneman's command is engaged in clearing the mountains of bushwhackers, guerillas and horse thieves, and they are making clean work.

Jeff. Davis Almost Within Our Grasp.

KNOXVILLE, May 2—10 P. M.

Information from Stoneman's cavalry states that Jeff. Davis was at Yorkville, S. C., on the 28th ult., and Stoneman's forces came in on the following day.

Davis has one day's start of Stoneman.

Jeff. is escorted by two thousand cavalry, well mounted, and commanded by General G. G. Dibbrell, of Tennessee, commanding a brigade of Wheeler's cavalry. He is accompanied by Benjamin, Breckinridge and other notorious characters, and will probably be joined by all the desperadoes fleeing from justice and the vengeance of the United States government.

It is hoped that General Stoneman's forces will overtake and capture Davis, as he is burdened with eleven wagons, supposed to be laden with specie.

A Reward for the Arrest of the Rebel Governor of Tennessee.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 2, 1865.

The Senate of Tennessee adopted last evening a resolution offering $5,000 reward for the delivery of ex-Governor Isham G. Harris to the civil authorities of that State.

Cleary in Canadian Custody.

TORONTO, C. W., May 3, 1865.

Cleary, one of the rebels against whom the Grand Jury found a true bill for the breach of neutrality a few days since, yesterday surrendered himself and gave bail in $5,000 to stand trial at the October assizes.

Reported Arrival of Surratt in Canada.

[From the Albany Argus, May 3.]

The Canadian newspapers announce the arrival there of Surratt, who was probably the assailant of Secretary Seward and his attendants, although the New York detectives have flattered themselves that they had the man who made such bloody work in Madison place. Their man, who says that his name is Paine, undoubtedly was an accomplice, and there are others under arrest who will be found to have played conspicuous parts in the great conspiracy, but it is a pity and a surprise that the army of detectives should have allowed any of the principals to have escaped.

The Trial of the Assassins.

WASHINGTON, May 3, 1865.

The statement has been made here that the trial of the parties connected with the assassination has commenced. It is a mistake. The trial will be public.

The Military Commission to try the assassination conspirators, will employ six shorthand writers, and have resolved to sit from ten o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the evening, with an intermission of one hour.

Letter from Rebel General Officers on the Assassination.

WASHINGTON, May 3, 1865.

The following letter from the rebel Lieutenant General Ewell to Lieutenant General Grant, in relation to the assassination of President Lincoln, no doubt speaks the sentiments of nearly all the military officers of the late confederacy, and is of interest as an authorized expression of their opinion:—

FORTRESS MONROE, April 16, 1865.

Lieutenant General U. S. GRANT, Commanding United States Army:—

GENERAL—You will appreciate, I am sure, the sentiment which prompts me to drop you these few lines. Of all the misfortunes which could befall the Southern people, or any Southern man, by far the greatest, in my judgment, would be the prevalence of the idea that they could entertain any other than feelings of unqualified abhorrence and indignation for the assassination of the President of the United States and the attempt to assassinate the Secretary of State. No language can adequately express the shock produced upon myself, in common with all the general officers confined here with me, by the occurrence of this appalling crime and by the seeming tendency in the public mind to connect the Southern men with it. Need we say that we are no assassins, nor the allies of assassins, be they from the North or from the South; and that, coming as we do from most of the States of the South, we would be ashamed of our own people were we not assured they would reprobate this crime. Under the circumstances I could not refrain from some expression of my feelings. I thus utter them to a soldier who will comprehend them.

The following officers—Major Generals Ed Johnson, of Virginia, and Kershaw, of South Carolina; Brigadier Generals Barton, Corse, Hunton and Jones, of Virginia; Dubois, Semmes and H. R. Jackson, of Georgia, Frisbee of Alabama, Smith and Gordon, of Tennessee, Cabell, of Arkansas, and Marmaduke of Missouri, and Commodore Tucker, of Virginia—all heartily concur with me in what I have said. Respectfully,

R. S. EWELL, Lieutenant General C. S. A.

Important Arrests of Assassins in Maryland.

BALTIMORE, May 3, 1865.

There were brought to this city this morning, from Colvert county, Maryland, in charge of an armed squad of soldiers, under Lieutenant O'Brien, two citizens of that county, viz: Dr. N. W. Browne and Wm. Cochrane, and three other men, upon the charge of having been concerned in the recent assassination of United States soldiers, for some time past stationed in that county.

While at the office of Colonel Wooley, Provost Marshal, Cochrane acknowledged to him and others that for several months past he had been in a starving condition, which being known to Browne and others, he was offered large sums of money if he would take the lives of certain soldiers. He accepted the terrible bribe, and deliberately assassinated two soldiers while they were doing picket duty. For killing the first soldier Cochrane received the sum of $175, and was to have been paid $500 for the murder of the other, but was apprehended before the money was paid.

The parties charged with this terrible crime were taken to Washington this afternoon under a strong guard and are now secure in the old Capitol prison, where an examination will soon be had.

A few nights since, while Lieutenant O'Brien, Superintendent of Government Farms in the lower counties, was riding through the county, he was shot at by a concealed foe, but fortunately escaped injury. His horse, however, a valuable animal, was killed.

The rebels in the lower counties, within the past two weeks, it is reported have become exceedingly defiant and dangerous, and besides committing depredations upon the inhabitants of the counties, have been slaughtering numbers of cattle belonging to the government.

Condition of the Sewards.

THE MORNING REPORT.

SURGEON GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, May 3—9 A. M.

Hon. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War:—

SIR—I have the honor to report that the Secretary of State has had a comparatively comfortable night, the apparatus not producing as much inconvenience as was anticipated. Mr. F. Seward has gained strength the past twenty four hours.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. K. BARNES, Surgeon General.

THE EVENING REPORT.

SURGEON GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, May 3—8 P. M.

Hon. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War:—

SIR—I have the honor to report that the Secretary of State has taken a drive to-day, is free from pain and stronger. Mr. F. Seward is somewhat better, perfectly conscious, and only complains of the irksomeness of the prescribed quiet.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. K. BARNES, Surgeon General.

PROFITS OF THE OIL TRADE.—The aggregate yield of oil per day in all the oil regions of the United States is six thousand barrels. On this, in its crude state, the average profit is about five dollars per barrel, so that the net profit on all the crude petroleum produced is $30,000 per day, or nearly $11,000,000 yearly.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

THE FUNERAL TRAIN.

FROM ALBANY TO SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

The Reception of the Remains at Mr. Lincoln's Home.

THE OBSEQUIES AT SPRINGFIELD, &c., &c., &c.

The train conveying the remains of President Lincoln left Albany at four o'clock on the afternoon of April 25th and arrived at Buffalo at seven o'clock the next morning. Notwithstanding the greater part of the trip between these two cities was made at night, all along the line mournful crowds were collected to catch a view of the passing *cortege*. On arriving in Buffalo a civic and military procession escorted the body to St. James Hall. At ten o'clock on the night of the 27th the remains were again placed on board the train, *en route* for Cleveland, where they arrived at seven o'clock the next morning.

As at all other places, immense crowds of grief-stricken people were assembled at Cleveland, and from the opening till the closing of the room to the public an uninterrupted train of mourners was constantly passing before the bier to take a last look at the face of their dead President. The train conveying the body left Cleveland at twelve o'clock Friday night, April 28, and arrived at Columbus, Ohio, at seven o'clock on the 29th ult. Here admirable arrangements were made for viewing the remains, which were placed in the rotunda of the Capitol, the walls and ceiling being draped in mourning, relieved by the various war torn banners which had been carried through so many battles by Ohio troops. The remains were taken at night to Indianapolis and remained in state at that point on Sunday, April 30, the route to Springfield being reversed again at midnight on Sunday. The *cortege* arrived at Chicago at half past nine on Monday morning, where the citizens turned out in strong force to do honor to the illustrious dead. The body here remained in state until eight o'clock on Tuesday night, when the route for Springfield was again resumed. The train reached Springfield at an early hour on Wednesday morning.

Reception of the Remains at Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., May 3, 1865.

We have now reached the city, where is to be deposited all that is mortal of Abraham Lincoln. Since leaving Washington on Friday, the 21st of April, to this time, the 3d of May (twelve days), we have travelled by a circuitous route, seventeen hundred or eighteen hundred miles. The funeral cars with which we started from Washington, have been brought all the way hither by rail. No accident, or even a trifling character, has happened, so perfect have been the arrangements of Brevet Brigadier General McCallum, who has given to the movements his personal attention. Mr. Dakefort, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has acted as an aid and been efficient in the [illegible]. Colonel Robinson, who is connected with the military railroad, now composes one of our party. The [illegible] of the journey has been relieved by kind attentions everywhere and hospitalities profusely bestowed.

The remains of President Lincoln were received at the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis station. The procession formed in the following order:—Brigadier General Cook and staff, military escort; Major General Hooker and staff, the guard of honor, relatives and friends in carriages, the Illinois delegation from Washington, Senators and Representatives of the Congress of the United States, including their Sergeant-at-Arms and Speaker Colfax; the Illinois State Legislature; the Chicago delegation; delegations from Kentucky, the Chicago Committee of Reception; the Springfield Committee of Reception, the Judges of the different courts, the reverend clergy, officers of the army and navy, firemen of the city, citizens generally, colored citizens, &c.

While the procession was moving the late office of Abraham Lincoln, in a block of three story brick buildings, was pointed out. The entrance was draped in mourning, and of the door hung a portrait of the deceased.

The hearse which carried the coffin was splendidly adorned. It was brought from St. Louis especially for the purpose, and cost over three thousand dollars. It was drawn by six black horses. All the trappings were in accordance with the purpose for which it was used. The procession moved to the funeral music of the numerous bands. The houses on the streets through which it passed all bore portraits and emblems of woe with appropriate mottoes.

The Illinois and Mississippi Telegraph office was ornamented with a side view of an old [illegible] of pure white, on a black ground. About midway up the shaft is the word "Lincoln," enclosed in a wreath of *immortelles*, and on the base is inscribed a sentiment from his last inaugural, namely:—"With malice toward none, with charity for all." The windows are also tastefully adorned, including a bust of the late President, standing on a black velvet pedestal trimmed with silver fringe.

The remains were deposited in the State House with the usual ceremonies.

The outside of the dome of the Capitol is deep black, and, together with the cornices and pillars on which it rests, are elaborately festooned with white and black. Similar drapery falls from the eaves and the columns, the pediments, both on the north and south entrances, are [illegible] with evergreens, and the Capitol draped [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] black, while trimmings of the top and black falling at the base, from the crown of the dome is a staff, on which is the national flag at half mast, with black streamers. The general arrangement is artistic and appropriate. The entrance to the Capitol and the rotunda is heavily draped and in festoons of evergreen. From the centre of the pillars is hung [illegible] portico. Hall the galleries of which are supported by twelve columns, and, together with the panels are covered with black. [illegible] [illegible] in the centre of each panel is [illegible] of mystic wreaths of [illegible]. On each column, under the gas jets, is an evergreen wreath dotted with white and with a black shroud. [illegible] [illegible] ... gloom. Immediately in front of this is the catafalque, on which the coffin rests, covered with ... er fringe. The ceiling is lined with white lace, dotted with golden stars, which glitter in the light of numerous gas jets. The effect is deeply impressive. The coffin is placed on a platform, approached by steps. It is surrounded by evergreens and flowers. The walls are adorned by the following inscriptions:—

"Sooner than surrender these principles, I would be assassinated on the spot."

"Washington the Father. Lincoln the Saviour."

The remains were, soon after their being placed in the State Room, exposed to public view.

The funeral will take place on Thursday afternoon.

TERRIBLE STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

Fifteen Hundred Soldiers' Lives Lost.

Explosion of the Boiler of the Steamer Sultana, &c., &c., &c.

ST. LOUIS, April 28, 1865.

A telegram received by the military authorities from New Madrid says the steamer Sultana, with two thousand and paroled prisoners, exploded. Fourteen hundred lives were lost.

CAIRO, April 28, 1865.

The steamer Sultana, from New Orleans on the evening of the 21st, arrived at Vicksburg with boilers leaking badly. She remained thirty hours repairing, taking on one thousand nine hundred and ninety-six Union soldiers and thirty five officers, lately released from Cahawba and Andersonville prisons. She arrived at Memphis last evening, and after coaling proceeded. About two o'clock A. M., when seven miles up, blew up, and immediately took fire and burned to the water's edge. Of two thousand one hundred and six souls aboard not more than two hundred will be recovered. Five hundred were rescued, and are now in the hospital. Two or three hundred, uninjured, are at the soldiers' home. Captain Mason, of the Sultana, is supposed to be lost. At four o'clock this morning the river in front of Memphis was covered with soldiers struggling for life. Many are badly scalded. Boats immediately went to their rescue, and are still engaged picking them up. General Washburne immediately organized a board of officers to investigate the affair. They are now at work.

No further particulars are received.

CAIRO, April 28, 1865.

Seven hundred and eighty six of those on board the ill fated Sultana have been found alive. The lost are now estimated at fifteen hundred.

The Memphis hospitals are full of wounded from the Sultana, many being badly scalded and burned.

The investigation ordered by General Washburne is proceeding.

ST. LOUIS, May 1, 1865.

Hon. John Covode, of the War Committee, furnishes the following information relative to the Sultana disaster:—

No troops belonging to States East of Ohio were lost.

All the Eastern troops will be sent to Annapolis.

Mr. Covode says that the boat was overloaded, her registered capacity being only for three hundred and seventy six passengers, and she had nearly twenty two hundred persons on board.

There were other good boats at the time at Vicksburg, which some of the paroled soldiers could have been sent home in just as well as not, but the authorities would not permit them to leave.

The paroled prisoners think there is criminality about the matter.

About two thousand more paroled prisoners were at Vicksburg when the Sultana left. Three thousand others were left at Andersonville, in consequence of the railroad being destroyed, between Andersonville and Jackson. They will be sent to Annapolis by way of the sea.

The arrival of the Sultana states that nearly seventeen hundred persons were lost by the disaster.

All reports agree that not less than fifteen hundred were lost.

J. Thorp, a guerilla, was hanged to-day.

THE REBEL RAMS.

Destruction of the Iron-Clad Webb.

CAPTURE OF TWO OF THE REBEL CREW

HER INGLORIOUS END.

Destruction of Another Rebel Ram in the Roanoke, &c., &c., &c.

Mr. Henry Thompson's Despatch.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., April 25, 1865.

One of the most imprudent and daring feats of naval or military history occurred yesterday on the Mississippi river. At about noon a steamer came [illegible] round the lower bend, off the city, at the rate of twenty five miles an hour. She displayed the national flag at half-mast.

The stranger had nearly passed the fleet at anchor near the city, when the Lackawanna, suspecting her true character, fired, the shell entering a [illegible] near the bow. In an instant the American flag was hauled down and the rebel colors run up, and no one longer doubted that the swift rebel ram Webb was running the gauntlet of the fleet, and the Webb hoisted she passed the [illegible].

As she passed the Lackawanna [illegible] the dipped her flag. Fire or six shots were fired from one or two bat, but not more than one or two took effect. Two of the shots [illegible] [illegible], but no persons injured. The Webb did not reply to any of the shots, but kept on with the same tremendous speed down the river, followed by the United States steamer Hollyhock, Lt. Commander Gherardi, the only one [illegible] at the time able to pursue.

THE EXCITEMENT IN THE CITY

was intense. The news soon spread, and in a few moments it was reported that Jeff. Davis and Kirby Smith were [illegible], and that Booth was at the helm, gold and silver in untold quantities were said to be on board, together with all the valuable and official documents of the confederacy. This rumor was believed by [illegible], and was repeated by the majority as a good joke.

THE PURSUIT—THE LAST OF THE WEBB.

The telegraph at Point Celeste—the first station down the river, and not more than forty miles distant—continued to report the passage [illegible] of the ram up to seven o'clock in the evening, and at nearly eight o'clock opposite the city were on the lookout for her return, when the Hollyhock arrived and reported the destruction of the rebel ram by fire.

The Richmond, unfortunately for the Webb, was telegraphed coming up so that a meeting was unavoidable, even before Forts Jackson and St. Phillip could be reached. The Hollyhock was only able to keep the ram in sight. A shell was fired at intervals—more perhaps to warn the Richmond of her approach than with the hope of disabling the rebel craft.

Suddenly rounding a bend, near St. Clair's Point, the Richmond loomed up, and, not caring to meet such a formidable antagonist, the Webb turned, in the hope of once more passing New Orleans, but the Hollyhock, directly ahead, was the Hollyhock, bearing down upon her like an avalanche, with the evident intention of running into her.

This idea was discreditable to the officers of the Webb—as the guns of the Richmond, [illegible] bewildered, defeated without firing a shot, the bow of the Webb was turned towards the shore of the left bank, the vessel ran aground, fired and abandoned, the officers and crew escaping to the swamps or to McCall's [illegible].

Only one man and a boy, out of a crew of forty two, were captured.

Boats were lowered and every effort made to extinguish the flames, but to no purpose, and the Webb was left to her fate.

Her flag was captured.

One man was found asleep in the engine room after the vessel was abandoned and while she was on fire. He was rescued from a terrible fate by our crews. His name is Charles Preston.

THE PASSAGE OF THE WEBB FROM SHREVEPORT.

From this man and the boy who were captured the following has been gathered:—

On Monday, the 16th instant the Webb left Shreveport, Louisiana, on the Red river, twenty five miles below Alexandria. She stopped at Coles' landing and took on board two hundred and fifty cords of wood.

At half past four o'clock A. M. on Saturday she left Alexandria and anchored about twenty five miles above.

On Sunday the Webb passed out of the mouth of the Red river, and though several shots were fired at her she escaped serious injury, and continued her course down the Mississippi. It is said that she arrived opposite this city without being challenged or suspected. The telegraph wires between New Orleans and Baton Rouge and Forts St. Phillip and Jackson were reported out, but this is doubtful, as it was known in this city as early as ten o'clock yesterday morning that the ram was on her way down the Mississippi.

HER INTENTIONS.

Knowing that the career of the rebellion was helpless, it was determined to [illegible] a quantity of cotton, [illegible] and torpedoes on board the Webb and attempt to run her out to sea by the Southwest Pass. She was accordingly laden with two hundred and seventy bales of cotton, and several barrels of turpentine and rosin. The intention was to run her into Havana, sell the cargo and then run the blockade into Galveston.

HER COMMANDER.

The Webb was commanded by Captain Reed, formerly of the United States Navy, and more recently commander of the pirate Tacony. He was also the chief of the party who captured the [illegible].

The Webb has had no opportunity to distinguish herself during the war.

When General Banks proved [illegible] the Teche two years ago this vessel and the Mo. [illegible] were the only iron clads that escaped.

HER RECENT APPEARANCE.

As the Guiding Star passed opposite McCall's flats this morning, about ten o'clock, the remains of the Webb could be seen lying with her bow close to the shore. A sheet of fire four or five feet in height was still burning at her bow. She is almost destroyed to the water's edge, her machinery, bow and a portion of her wheelhouse alone being visible.

Another Unfortunate Rebel Ram.

WASHINGTON, May 2, 1865.

The Navy Department has received a communication from Commander W. H. McComb, under date of April 12, at Plymouth, N. C., in which he says:—I got news yesterday to the effect that the rebels had sent a floating battery down the Roanoke, and that it was then just above this place. I immediately started from Winton in the Wilderness, and arrived here last night. I then found that Commander Febiger had [illegible] party up, under Lieutenant Franklin, of the Isaacs, which party had found the battery sunk near Jamesville by one of their own torpedoes. Lieutenant Franklin set fire to all of her that was above water, about [illegible] feet, and it is supposed that she is pretty thoroughly destroyed.

HEAVY VERDICT AGAINST A RAILROAD COMPANY.—Mr. F. M. Ballou, of Waterford, some time since was knocked down and severely bruised, near the above town, by a car of the Norfolk County Railroad Company, owing to the misplacement of a switch. The case has just been finished at the Supreme Judicial Court, Worcester, and the jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiff for nine thousand six hundred and eighty six dollars and fifty cents. The case will go to the full Court on various questions of law.—*Boston Traveller, April 29.*

The Weekly Herald.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE N. W. CORNER OF FULTON AND NASSAU STS.

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NO NOTICE taken of anonymous correspondence. We do not return rejected communications.

Volume XXIX............................No. 18

New York, Thursday, May 4, 1865.

NOTICE.

We have no agents canvassing the country for subscribers. None are necessary. Subscriptions from clubs and individual subscribers come in rapidly enough. Any person pretending to be an agent for the WEEKLY HERALD should be treated as a common swindler. The club system has abolished the agency system. It is safe and cheap.

THE SITUATION.

We publish this morning a startling and most important proclamation from President Johnson, in which he announces that evidence is in possession of the government showing that Jeff Davis and the rebel agents in Canada, Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Beverly Tucker, George N. Sanders, W. C. Cleary and others, were the concoctors of the infamous assassination plot which resulted in the death of President Lincoln and the attempted assassination of Secretary Seward, and which was designed to terminate the lives of other heads of the government. The President therefore offers for the arrest of the above named individuals the following rewards:—

For Jefferson Davis	$100,000
For Jacob Thompson	25,000
For Clement C. Clay	25,000
For George N. Sanders	25,000
For Beverly Tucker	25,000
For William C. Cleary	10,000

Knoxville despatches indicate a strong probability that Jeff. Davis and his fellow fugitives, including Breckinridge and Benjamin, will yet be captured by General Stoneman's cavalry, if they have not been already. Davis is reported to have been on a train between Greensboro and Salisbury, N. C., when the railroad was cut on both sides of him by Stoneman's men. On ascertaining his precarious position Jeff returned to Greensboro, and started southward in another direction. He was last heard of on the 28th ult., at Yorkville, S. C., at which place Stoneman's troopers arrived on the following day. Jeff had thus at that time one day's start of his pursuers, but, though escorted by a band of cavalry, as his train is supposed to be impeded by some accompanying specie laden wagons, his advantage of twenty-four hours' time may be overcome, and the head of the infamous treasonable conspiracy may yet become the captive of an indignant and outraged nation.

The trial of the conspirators of the great assassination plot has not yet been commenced, but will be in a few days. It is said that the trial of the accused will be public. Surratt, one of the alleged principals in the plot, is reported to have arrived in Canada.

We publish this morning a most interesting detailed narrative of the flight and pursuit of the assassin Booth, from the night on which he murdered President Lincoln up to the time of his capture and death. It is said that Booth's body has been interred in a plot of ground near the Washington Penitentiary, and the earth so smoothed over it that the place of burial is not likely to be ever identified.

The train conveying the remains of President Lincoln arrived at Springfield, Illinois, early yesterday morning. The funeral will take place in that town to day.

It is understood that an agreement for the surrender of all the rebel troops in Florida was arrived at in a conference of several hours duration between General Vogdes, Union commander of the District of Florida, and the rebel General Sam Jones, which took place on the 29th ult., at White House station, on the Florida Central Railroad. The interview was solicited by General Jones, who, it is said, was very anxious to secure a provision by which the rebels would be permitted to sell their supplies of cotton and other products. Whether or not this was granted we are not informed.

General Howard's column of General Sherman's army, consisting of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth corps, commenced their overland march from Raleigh, N. C., for Alexandria, Va., via Petersburg and Richmond, on last Saturday. The Fourteenth and Twentieth corps, under General Slocum, would soon follow. The Tenth and Twenty-third corps, commanded by General Schofield, remain in North Carolina for the present.

General Wilson's splendid force of cavalry riders arrived at Savannah on last Friday, after having completed a [illegible] sweeping and magnificently successful tour of o[illegible] hundred and fifty miles through the heart of Alabama and Georgia, in a region of country before but little touched by the war. General Wilson left Chickasaw, Alabama, on the 22d of March, and moved southward through that State as far as Selma. In the meantime defeating and routing in several engagements the forces of Forrest, Roddy, Adams and other notorious rebels, capturing towns and seizing and destroying immense amounts of rebel property. Thence he marched eastward and crossed into Georgia, carrying everything before him. His various engagements and captures of towns, cotton, cannon and all manner of stores have been already from time to time chronicled in the HERALD.

Ex-Governor Aiken, of South Carolina, was arrested a few days ago, at Charleston, by order of the government. About the same time G. B. Lamar, a prominent citizen of Savannah, and an avowed enemy of the government, was also arrested. The prisoners, together with their private papers, which were seized and sealed up, were placed on board the steamship Arago, to be sent to Washington, where they arrived on Wednesday. It is understood that Messrs. Aiken and Lamar are to be regularly tried on the charge of treason.

About fifteen hundred of the Union soldiers formerly imprisoned [illegible] having been transferred [illegible] ending of the 28th ult., transported [illegible] the Florida Central Railroad to [illegible], where they were unconditionally [illegible] and left to make their way into the Union lines. [illegible] several hundred of them reached here [illegible] in a pitiful appearance, and many were barely able to walk; but their joy was great on finding themselves once again under the protection of the old flag.

The trial of Benjamin G. Harris, a member from Maryland of the last Congress, for disloyal language and conduct, was commenced in Washington yesterday before the military commission assembled to take cognizance of this and other cases. Two paroled rebel soldiers were examined, who testified that Harris advised them to disregard their paroles and return to the South and rejoin the rebel belligerents, and that he had furnished them money to assist them in doing so. Harris protested that these men, being enemies of the United States, were not competent witnesses. The Judge Advocate then offered to prove by other persons that Harris was disloyal, and therefore had no right to take exception to testimony. Pending a decision on this latter point, the court adjourned until to day.

The Tennessee Senate has adopted a resolution in favor of offering a reward of five thousand dollars for the arrest of the fugitive rebel self-styled Governor of that State, Isham G. Harris.

A Cairo despatch states that Captain Reed and twenty-six of the crew of the rebel ram Webb were captured and arrived at New Orleans on the 26th ult.

The Richmond *Whig* is informed that the guerilla chief Mosby has left Virginia, and is now endeavoring to escape to Texas.

Important Proclamation of President Johnson—Rewards Offered for Jeff. Davis and the Other Conspirators.

Important and startling developments in regard to the assassination of President Lincoln are being made. We publish this morning a proclamation of President Johnson, offering rewards for the arrest of the leaders in this terrible conspiracy. This important proclamation indicates at once the extent and ramifications of the plot which led to the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. The President offers the following rewards:—

$100,000 for Jeff. Davis.
$25,000 for C. C. Clay.
$25,000 for Beverley Tucker.
$25,000 for George N. Sanders.
$25,000 for Jacob Thompson.
$10,000 for Wm. C. Cleary.

We also publish two interesting letters from Washington and one from Richmond, which furnishes additional details in reference to the diabolical scheme of the rebel chiefs. It will be seen by the facts there enumerated, that the authorities have been successful in probing the conspiracy to the bottom, and have ascertained a plot, the extent and magnitude of which is really startling. It appears that meetings have been regularly held for over eight months, and the details carefully arranged, within the limits of the national capital. But the old proverb that "murder will out" is proving true with remarkable rapidity. The leaders and their confederates in and around Washington have been unearthed much sooner than any person would have imagined. There is also good prospects that a large number will soon suffer the full penalty of their crime of murder and treason through the most ignominious and degrading death known to the laws of civilization.

The real extent of the ramification of the plot must remain a sealed book until the trial of the conspirators lifts the veil which now covers many of the facts elicited by the officers working up the case. The report of the Judge Advocate, when the trials are concluded, will show the original instigators of this, the greatest of all crimes. It is in evidence that the idea of assassinating President Lincoln originated with the leaders of the rebellion. The newspapers throughout the South have had advertisements in their columns, and editorials, showing what a blessing it would be ever since the rebellion commenced. Even Roger A. Pryor, as long ago as 1860, declared in a public speech that "the first anti-slavery President who was elected would be assassinated, and, if there was no other person to do the deed he would be the Brutus to plant the dagger in his breast." The idea of assassinating Mr. Lincoln had its origin in the South, and with the leaders of the rebellion. When all the facts and full particulars are ascertained, it will be found that the rebel conspirators who have sought refuge in Canada set the machinery at work to accomplish the deed. It is another step in the nefarious projects which they have instigated, including the piracy on the lakes, St. Albans' raid and firing the hotels in this city.

In the face of these extraordinary facts the copperhead Bohemian press of this city are trying their best to make a hero of Booth. They take the facts which have been previously published in the daily papers and weave them into romance, and employ the arts and devices of novelists. They thus endeavor to make the dastardly assassin, Booth, another Brutus, the leader of the republicans of the Roman empire, who administered the fatal blow to Cæsar, as he was about to assume the crown and powers of King over the empire. They would place around the assassin of the President all the glory of the characters in the great historical event of Rome. Is not this a singular circumstance?

It is the duty of the President to demand the extradition of these criminals from the authorities of Canada, Mexico, England, France or of any other country in which they may take refuge.

THE WAY TO FINISH THE GUERILLAS.—Now that all regular warfare is at an end, it is the duty of the government promptly to suppress the roving bands of guerillas who are still scattered through the Southern States, preying alike upon friend and foe, if indeed they have any friends among the Southern people, who must necessarily be the greatest sufferers by their predatory raids. The way to finish these fellows is to declare them outlaws, and treat them as such whenever they are captured. They can no longer be regarded in any other light than as brigands. Brigandage is a Spanish and Italian institution, which may do very well in Mexico, and in portions of Italy, but is not suited to this country, and cannot flourish here. The soldiers of the guerilla chief Mosby have deserted him, but Mosby himself refuses to surrender. We understand that General Grant issued orders to General Hancock to give him one hour in which to surrender, and if he refused, to declare him outlawed, and deal out to him the penalty of outlawry. This order is probably an indication of the course the government intends to pursue towards all the rest of the guerillas, and it is the proper way to get rid of them.

The End of the War—Our Magnificent Prospects of Peace.

The surrender of General Joe Johnston's army, including all the active rebel forces in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, puts an end to the rebellion and the war. From the Potomac river to the Mississippi all the fighting elements of the rebellion, if not now, will in a few days be disbanded, disarmed and dismissed. The work is done to the Alabama line, while beyond the Chattahoochee to the Mississippi, what with the resistless movements of Wilson's cavalry from the army of Thomas, and the operations of Canby and Commodore Thatcher at and around Mobile, only a few scattered squads of Dick Taylor's command were left at the time of Johnston's surrender, and they doubtless, by this time, following his example, have laid down their arms and given up the hopeless cause of Jeff. Davis and his confederacy.

Nothing remains, then, of this late gigantic, tenacious and defiant rebellion but the herd of irregular odds and ends of border ruffians and bushwhackers, under Kirby Smith and Walker, in Western Louisiana and Texas. They, too, have been seized with the contagion of despair. The rebel General Walker, commanding in Texas, according to our last accounts from him, in his answer to the proposition of General Lew. Wallace for "a separate accommodation," still spoke in the old rebel tone of insolent defiance; but this was more than a month ago. It is probable that on this very day the roads leading from Texas to Mexico are lined with immense rebel caravans moving off with their cotton and other plunder to seek the protection of Maximilian. The mock heroic General Walker probably leads this grand exodus. We guess that the rebel chiefs at Shreveport, on the Red river, in the bold adventure of running their famous ram—the Webb—out into the Mississippi, and thence down the river under full steam, were simply endeavoring to get into the Gulf and across to Cuba with a cargo of cotton and other valuables worth all the risks of the undertaking.

In a word, the rebellion is subjugated and the war is at an end; and we have only now to "gather up the fragments that nothing may be lost." In this view it is gratifying to perceive that the first efforts of the government are directed to the reduction of the national expenses. We judge, from what is already accomplished in this direction, that even by the first of July next the extent of these reductions will be equal to five hundred millions a year clear gains. Next, from the able-bodied soldiers on both sides, thrown into the productive employments of peace, our actual gains will be still greater. We may next look for the speedy bringing forward to market of at least two millions of bales of Southern cotton, the effect of which, in reducing the prices of cotton and other goods, and in strengthening the national credit and currency will be so immense as to be felt in all financial and business operations in both hemispheres. Next, a new impulse of colonization and active development of wealth will give a new epoch of prosperity to our new mining States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains, while at the same time a mighty current of emigration, from the North and from Europe, will set in to fill up the waste places and the inviting fields for free labor now offered in the South.

The prospect thus opening before us of a reign of peace, prosperity, material developments, wealth and strength, is, indeed, magnificent. Take away a million of men from the work of consuming and destroying, and transfer them to the work of building up and producing, in such a country as this, and the effect, to use a favorite comparison of President Johnson, will be as wonderful as any of the miraculous changes wrought by the magic lamp of Aladdin. We rely upon the administration to pursue a policy of reconstruction which will best subserve the general and permanent interests of the country. We have great confidence in the experience, energy and discretion of President Johnson. But there is one subject to which we would especially call the attention of the federal government, our State governments and the people at large. We refer to the duty and necessity of providing for the comfortable maintenance of our discharged soldiers and sailors, especially the sick and disabled. In all public and private offices or employments where they can be serviceable their claims should be considered the first and the best; and the widows and orphans of those whose bones whiten the battle fields of the South should not be forgotten.

In the splendid career of peace, prosperity, power and glory, upon which we are now entering, let us bear in grateful remembrance the brave soldiers and sailors through whose persistent labors, sufferings and sacrifices the glorious cause of the Union has been redeemed and permanently established.

Proposed Alliance Between France and England—England Declines the Connection.

Louis Napoleon is sorely beset with fears and anxieties arising out of the triumphant turn which affairs have taken in this country. It is stated that as soon as he heard of the fall of Richmond he proposed to the English Ambassador at Paris—Lord Cowley—an alliance offensive and defensive with England against the United States; that in case this country should make an attack on Canada, France "should assist England with all her land and sea forces," and that in the event of this government "openly or covertly attacking the Emperor Maximilian, or in anywise endangering his throne," England should, in conjunction with France, defend the Austrian Emperor of Mexico in the same manner, and on the same conditions as they sustained the Sultan of Turkey against the aggression of Russia.

It is also stated that upon this proposition being made, Lord Cowley promptly rejected it, by instructions from his government. Some of the London journals denounce the idea with remarkable emphasis. The *Advertiser*, which, it is known, represents a very large body of the masses of the English people, and which may possibly on this occasion have received a hint from high quarters—and, therefore, probably speaks, as it were, semi-officially—says that on the reassembling of Parliament "the idea will be denounced in the strongest language which Parliamentary notions of propriety will allow." It is manifest from the expression of public feeling elicited by the suggestion of an alliance with France to make common cause against the United States, that it finds no favor with the people of England. They do not forget how Louis Napoleon treated them in the matter of the Crimean war. The French Emperor has been sedulously endeavoring for some years past to cajole England into alliances; but, having been so severely bitten in the war against Russia in the Crimea, John Bull is not to be tempted into forming such a relationship again. France attempted to draw England into the Italian war, but she declined. When the Mexican enterprise was undertaken, proposals were made to England to join that scheme, and the government apparently accepted the alliance for a time, but subsequently backed out, leaving Napoleon to combat the Monroe doctrine alone. When the rebellion broke out Louis Napoleon, afraid to move alone in our affairs, also made overtures to England to unite with him in recognizing the South, or in offering their joint services in mediation; but the British government was too wily to be caught in that trap, and it respectfully declined; preferring to carry out its own dubious neutrality. In every way Napoleon has been trying to inveigle England into an alliance which would place her indirectly in hostility to this country, and now he makes the plain, outspoken proposition to construct a treaty to make common cause against us.

The success of our simple republican institutions, crowned as it is by the suppression of the rebellion, and the magnificent attitude which the country now assumes, no doubt admonishes Napoleon that the strength of our republican principles is the weakness of the modern Cæsarism over which he wields so feeble a sceptre. The recent debates in the French Assembly, the boldness with which the victories of this government over the armies of the rebellion were rejoiced in by the opposition members, and the nervousness displayed by the leaders of the Bonaparte Cabinet upon the discussion of the policy of France towards the United States, all prove what uneasy suggestions the success of our arms has created in the mind of the Emperor. It is in this crisis that he proposes an alliance with England against this country; to preserve Canada for England, and Mexico for Maximilian. But Palmerston and Russell know too well the temper of the British people. They know that it is the interest of England, now more than ever, to remain on good terms with this country; to become an ally rather than a foe.

It is no part of our policy to attack Canada; nor have we any desire to do so. If the Canadians wish to dissever themselves from the British crown that is their own affair; they are welcome to accomplish their aims, without either aid or obstruction from us. Neither do we thirst for the annexation of Mexico, and, as far as our government is concerned, we presume that there is no present intention to interfere with the rapidly declining fortunes of Maximilian. We cannot answer, of course, for the action of any voluntary exiles who may seek the other side of the Rio Grande; nor do we suppose that the government will trouble itself much about them; for it has enough to do in the reconstruction of the South, without bothering about Mexico, at least for the present. Therefore the fears—whether real or assumed—of Louis Napoleon as to any design upon Canada or Mexico are groundless. There is no alliance offensive and defensive against this country required, as the statesmen of England know full well, and hence they have refused to fall into the trap set for them by the wily French Emperor.

Peace and the National Finances.

Now that the war is practically ended, and we look back upon the vast expenditure of money as well as life which it has involved, we find it difficult to over estimate the good effects of peace upon our national finances. It is at the same time gratifying and encouraging to find the government prompt to profit by the opportunity of reducing its current expenses by the reductions which have been ordered in the military and naval service.

Our four years struggle with rebellion has already left us saddled with a registered debt of more than twenty-five hundred millions of dollars, and before reconstruction is accomplished the total will probably be three thousand millions. How to manage this debt and provide for the payment of the interest with as little inconvenience as possible, or, in other words, how to raise the maximum of taxation with the minimum of expense and burdensomeness will be the great question which will absorb the attention of Congress for a long time to come, and be likely in the end to influence important political changes. Political economy is still young as a science, and before the war commenced, at least, our legislators had not made much progress in it. Our fiscal legislation was, therefore, crude and blundering, and this added needlessly to our debt by the subtle process of depreciating the currency. A well devised scheme of taxation is of vital importance to the credit of a nation at war or burdened with a large national debt; yet our present tax bill and tariff are a tissue of absurdities. Congress has thus far merely tinkered with taxation; but in the future we may reasonably hope to profit by the costly lessons of experience and do better.

Every taxpayer in the country will henceforward be interested in the fiscal administration of the country, and something better than a complex Internal Revenue bill, which yields, at an enormous cost for collection, less than two hundred millions a year, and a tariff which, in many cases, is prohibitory, or nearly so, will be required by the people. It is notorious that the internal revenue officers are inefficient in the performance of their duty, and that evasions of the law are almost as common as a strict compliance with it. All that the government has or can have in the way of income must come from taxation, and hence, if that is defective, the public credit will suffer in proportion, and it is useless to shut our eyes to the fact that our system will require to undergo considerable improvement to enable us to emerge successfully from the financial difficulties which have been for the last four years gathering around us.

The currency is of little importance compared with the whole debt in affecting the credit of the government or the gold premium, although its volume is excessive, the Treasury issues being nearly six hundred and eighty-three and a half millions, while the national bank notes in circulation aggregate more than a hundred and twenty millions. A large portion of the former can, however, be disposed of, when the proper time arrives, into bonds bearing say three per cent interest. The confidence of the people in the national securities was never stronger than at present, and after its reconstruction the republic will enter upon a new era of prosperity. Thus a more promising prospect for the future of our finances is opened to us.

President Johnson and His Policy—The Demands of a Great Revolution.

In the speeches which have been delivered by President Johnson to various visiting committees he has, with an emphasis which cannot be mistaken, defined his position in reference to treason and traitors. "Treason," he says, "is the highest of all crimes, and traitors must be punished." To the masses of the South involved in the rebellion he will be lenient; but to their traitorous leaders he will administer justice. Loyal men, if numbering only five thousand in a State, will, he has broadly intimated, be charged with the business of reconstruction, to the exclusion of traitors, and upon the fundamental idea that the slaveholding aristocracy have destroyed themselves with their institution of slavery. The work of reconstruction is thus to rest upon the basis of the abolition of slavery as a fact accomplished. No man, for instance, will hereafter be tolerated as a slaveholder in South Carolina, and no man will therein be recognized as a slave.

Here we have the initial landmarks of a bold, decisive policy, recognizing the demands of a great revolution. This is good; for this tremendous war has wrought in four years the revolutionary changes which would probably have required a hundred years of peace and Presidential compromises. The Southern institution of slavery is prostrated beyond recovery; and with it the domineering slaveholding aristocracy of the Southern States and their political power as the champions of slavery are gone—forever gone. President Johnson thus regards the political situation of the South, and his views have given universal satisfaction throughout the loyal States.

Of his policy, thus broadly foreshadowed, we shall soon know something more in the development of its practical details. We presume that President Johnson has no desire for any very extensive hanging of leading traitors; but that he will be satisfied with the vindication of the majesty of the law and the ends of justice in a few exemplary cases of the halter. We cannot doubt, however, that he expects, from a few wholesome examples, a general clearing out of dyed-in-the-wool rebels, and that those who have merely been dipped in the dye pot of secession shall have a good scouring of loyal sand and soap, to rub the rebel butternut color out of them, though it may take the hide off. If we are to consider the people of the South as a conquered foreign people, we may put them through a regular apprenticeship; but if we are to accept them as a portion of our own people, relieved of a savage, usurping despotism, and restored to their rightful allegiance, then we should pursue a different course of treatment.

We believe that the simplest means that can be adopted in the reorganization of the rebellious States will be the best. A military governor in every State where necessary, with an armed force at his command, sufficient to put down guerillas and bushwhackers, and to maintain order, will do for a beginning. He may make the arrangements and appoint the time for the election of a convention to form a new State constitution, and to provide for the election of a civil governor, State legislature, members of Congress, &c., without any further condition precedent than this: that the candidates for the convention and these other offices shall be genuine loyal men. If the masses of the people concerned choose to support such men, their votes will be equal to an oath of loyalty; and if they refuse to support such men let them remain out in the cold till they get sufficiently chilled and hungry to come into the house and to the family table. Let them take their own time in coming to supper. We can stand it as long as they can; and besides, we can rely upon the repentance of men who have been cured of their folly upon empty stomachs and cool reflection.

But there is another matter upon which President Johnson seems to be hesitating, and where he need not hesitate at all. We refer to the question of negro suffrage. The exclusion of free negroes from the right of suffrage is a necessity of negro slavery, but where slavery does not exist there is no such necessity. Give the emancipated negroes of the rebel States, then, in the reconstruction of those States, the right to vote along with the whites. There need be no fear that this concession will lead to negro social equality. Negroes vote in New York, and yet in New York there is no approach to negro social equality. Society will take care of itself in this matter, as it does in everything else affecting its peace and harmony. On the other hand, the concession of negro suffrage in the reconstruction of the insurgent States will effectually spike the last gun of Northern abolitionists, and will expel or neutralize the fire-eating political elements of the South for all time to come. Indeed, nothing half so effective could be employed as negro suffrage to weed out the intractable secessionists from the Southern States. Put them to that test of loyalty, and there will be no necessity for notices to quit or oaths of allegiance; but, best of all, the political agitation of the negro question, in every shape and form, will be ended, North and South.

Let President Johnson consider this question, as he does every other growing out of this rebellion, as one of the great political changes decreed by a searching, sweeping, political revolution; and let him then pursue his programme with his characteristic boldness and energy, and the country will carry him through. Nay, more, let him reorganize, under the sovereign authority of the Union, the rebellious States on the platform suggested, and bring us quietly back again to the promised land of specie payments, and his claims against all competitors for the Presidential succession will be as irresistible as were the claims and popularity of the lamented patriot, Abraham Lincoln.

SOUTHERN RIGHTS.—Southern rights, as illustrated by Jeff. Davis, have involved on a grand scale his right of conscription against every man, the right to tax everybody to any extent, the right to steal every man's property, niggers and all, the right to fix his own price and pay in his own scrip for purchases, the right to appropriate, burn and destroy, the right to imprison, shoot or hang any protesting citizen, and lastly, the right to rob the banks of their gold, and the right of way out of the confederacy with his plunder. Of such Southern rights we guess the Southern people have had enough to last them for a hundred years.

WILSON.

Additional Particulars of the Great Raid Through Alabama and Georgia.

Battles of Selma, Montgomery, Columbia, West Point and Macon.

Capture of Generals Howell Cobb, G. W. Smith, Mercer, Robertson and McCall.

Three Hundred and Thirty-two Guns and Immense Amounts of Ordnance and Commissary Stores, Cotton, Machinery, Railroad Stock, &c., Secured.

THE DISTANCE TRAVELLED.

Officers and Organization of the Forces.

GALLANT CONDUCT OF ALL CONCERNED, &c., &c., &c.

Mr. S. W. Mason's Despatch.

SAVANNAH, GA., April 29, 1865.

General Wilson's famous raiding expedition arrived here yesterday from Macon.

MEMORANDA OF THE EXPEDITION.

The following gives a condensed history of the trip:—

General Wilson left Chickasaw, Alabama, on the 22d of March. It is not proper to give any statement of the number of his force.

Ebenezer Church, near Plantersville, Alabama, was taken, after a short engagement with Forrest's cavalry. Three hundred prisoners were captured and three guns. Forrest's forces were driven to the west of the Cahawba river, and separated. A column was sent to Tuscaloosa, which captured and destroyed much government property.

Selma, two hundred and forty-one miles from the base, was captured on the 2d of April, with two thousand seven hundred prisoners, thirty-two guns in position, and seventy five guns in arsenal. We destroyed three rolling mills, with fixtures, a very large naval foundry, an arsenal (the second in importance in the confederacy), powder works, magazines, and a large number of cars.

We remained at Selma eight days.

The Alabama river was bridged eight hundred and fifty feet, the operation occupying five days, from the 5th to the 10th.

The next place attacked was Montgomery, fifty miles distant, destroying all the bridges on the Alabama and Tennessee rivers. The railroad to Columbiana was destroyed. The enemy destroyed twenty five thousand bales of cotton. Montgomery surrendered without assault. Five guns fell into our hands. We destroyed two rolling mills and foundries, two magazines, one locomotive, sixty three cars, five steamboats (captured on the river near Wetumpka), and nitre works. The rebels burned eighty five thousand bales of cotton before evacuating.

Columbus, Ga., eighty five miles distant, was taken by assault by General Upton, after dark on the 16th. Twelve hundred prisoners were captured, fifty three guns, seven large cotton factories, one hundred thousand bales of cotton, and immense quantities of ordnance, quartermaster and commissary stores, a large arsenal, a pistol factory, a sword factory, an accoutrement factory, a naval foundry, a rolling mill and foundry, an arsenal foundry, thirteen locomotives, over one hundred cars, depots, machine shops, &c., were captured and destroyed. A gunboat, mounting six seven inch rifled guns, now called the Jackson, but the name of which has been recently changed, was captured here.

A detour to West Point was made by La Grange's brigade, who attacked the works and carried them by storm, capturing the garrison, three hundred and fifty in number, and four guns, and killing the rebel General Tyler, in command. Fifteen locomotives were destroyed, two hundred cars, two bridges, and two large factories in the vicinity. We destroyed large quantities of quartermaster and commissary stores at Griffin, and the railroad bridges on the Selma and Montgomery Railroad. We captured along the road five guns.

Macon was taken without opposition. It has not been necessary as yet to destroy any property. We captured Generals Howell Cobb, Gustavus W. Smith (formerly Street Inspector of New York city), Robertson, Mercer and McCall.

The captures are one hundred and thirty two guns in position, in field and by assault, and two hundred guns in arsenals and in store, with immense amounts of ordnance, quartermaster and commissary stores, and cotton, machinery, railroad stock, &c.

THE DISTANCES TRAVELLED.

The following is a carefully prepared statement of the number of miles travelled each day:—

First day, March 22, twenty three miles—departure from Chickasaw.
Second day, March 23, twenty three miles.
Third day, March 24, three miles.
Fourth day, March 25, twenty miles.
Fifth day, March 26, twenty four miles.
Sixth day, March 27, twenty six miles.
Seventh day, March 28, thirteen miles.
Eighth day, March 29, encamped.
Ninth day, March 30, forty three miles.
Tenth day, March 31, twenty one miles.
Eleventh day, April 1, twenty six miles.
Twelfth day, April 2, eighteen miles—capture of Selma.
Twentieth day, April 10, sixteen miles.
Twenty first day, April 11, eighteen miles.
Twenty second day, April 11, twenty two miles—capture of Montgomery.
Twenty fourth day, April 14, twenty four miles.
Twenty fifth day, April 15, twenty four miles.
Twenty sixth day, April 16, thirty seven miles—capture of Columbus.
Twenty eighth day, April 18, twenty one miles.
Twenty ninth day, April 19, thirty four miles.
Thirtieth day, April 20, forty five miles—Macon surrendered.

A total of four hundred and eighty one miles marched in twenty days, averaging over twenty miles per day during the time.

OFFICERS OF THE EXPEDITION.

I append a correct list of General Wilson's staff and of the division and brigade commanders:—

Major Beaumont, A. A. General.
Major Salter, Medical Director.
Major Williams, Inspector General.
Captain Carling, Chief Quartermaster.
Captain Hosea, Commissary of Musters and A. A. D. C.
Captain Noll, Assistant Commissary of Musters.
Captain Baker, Chief Commissary.
Captain Van Antwerp, A. A. D. C.
Captain Poole, Volunteer A. D. C.
Captain Kneeland, Provost Marshal.
Lieutenant [illegible], Medical Inspector.
Lieutenant McGrath, Medical Officer of Artillery.
Lieutenant Dimmer, Chief of Ambulance Corps.
Lieutenant Prell[illegible], A[illegible] and Special Inspector.
First Division—Brigadier General E. McCook. First Brigade—Brigadier General Croxton, Second Brigade—Colonel LaGrange.
Second Division—Brigadier General Eli Long. First Brigade—Colonel Miller, Second Brigade—Colonel Minty.
Fourth Division—Brevet Major General E. Upton. First Brigade—Brevet Brigadier General Winslow, Second Brigade—Brevet Brigadier General Alexander.

RECOMMENDATIONS FOR PROMOTION.

General Wilson has recommended all his staff and the division and brigade commanders for brevet or other promotion. There is not an officer among them who has not distinguished himself in some way, and scarcely one who cannot number his personal capture of prisoners.

IN THE ASSAULT ON SELMA

Brigadier General Eli Long, of the Second division, had command of the right, and Brevet Major General Emory Upton of the left. A preliminary assault by the escort was unsuccessful. The two divisions charged over the works in splendid style, carrying everything before them. The enemy's force was from six thousand to seven thousand, mostly militia, and our assaulting force was only twelve hundred and fifty. General Long was wounded, and has arrived here, en route for the North. Our losses were two hundred and fifty, and the enemy officially state their loss to have been between four hundred and five hundred. Our whole loss in all the expedition was only three hundred and fifty.

Literature.

Does She Love Me?

Oh, when alone, my thoughts fly to one
Whose golden opinions I prize,
Whenever we meet, in the house, in the street,
What means that bright glance from her eyes?—
Does she love me?

The hours she'll beguile with a chat or a smile
Which my power of description defies,
But whene'er she'll greet with a welcome as sweet,
And again will the question arise—
Does she love me?

She's cool, yet polite, when she bids me good night;
Her hand, though, will linger in mine,
Her fingers will clasp, when I tighten my grasp,
Her bright eye with rapture will shine.
Does she love me?

She often will tease, yet seem anxious to please,
With kindness her soul overflows,
'Tis said by her friends—so, at least, each pretends—
For me she a preference shows.
Does she love me?

It must be a snare, but I'm caught, I declare,
For by those bright eyes will I vow
I love her—how well, words alone can tell,
And from her own lips will I know
If she loves me.

The Heart's Devotion.

Yes, I have fondly loved thee,
Through many bygone years!
In all life's brightest seasons,
Its shadows and its tears,
One hope alone sustain'd me
O'er all life's darkening sea—
The hope so fondly cherish'd
Of being loved by thee.

Ah, well do I remember
The day when first we met;
The music of thy voice, belov'd,
My soul can never forget;
Thine eye was bright and fearless,
Thy step of bounding glee,
And the very murmur of thy name
Was melody to me.

Ah, how oft my fancy wanders
To the shady, silvery dell,
Where I listen'd to your words of love,
The tale you oft would tell
Of thy loving, true devotion
Of the heart so fondly given,
That the very stars above us
Smiled, as witnesses in heaven.

And then they said that thou wert false,
That I should never be
The chosen of thy heart, beloved,
The bride upon thy knee,
They said that gold had tempted thee,
But I heeded not their [illegible]
I only pray'd that Heaven would bless
And prosper thee for aye.

But now we're sitting side by side,
My head is on thy breast,
Like a bird whose tired pinions
Are folded into rest;
And may'st thou never have a care
Or sorrow in thy life
That is not met and shared by me—
Thy faithful, loving wife!

Caught at Last.

It was November of 1862. I had been spending a year in Egypt and the Holy Land, literally exiled from my native shores by the shamefacedness of the husband-hunting mothers and daughters of Old England. Chased from the summit of the Pyramids by a speculative widow, I fled like a stricken deer to hide my head in the almost untrodden solitudes of the Upper Nile. For some there is no escape. Here, on the very confines of Nubia, fully five thousand miles from home, my felucca was boarded one morning by an Anglo-Saxon sister, bespectacled and bewigged, who very nearly assaulted me into matrimony. In fact, it was only after the most fearful struggles that I escaped at all. It was one of my fiercest encounters—a tussle for life and freedom. I never think of all I went through on that enterprising female's account without a shudder.

In very desperation, I returned to London. I had visited nearly all the capitals of Europe, in hopes of finding some change, some variety, to relieve the sickly monotony of my life. In vain. Whether I had to do with witty, vivacious French women, with aristocratic Austrians, with coquettish Spaniards, or with the high bred blue eyed beauties of my own country—one and all had daughters to marry; one and all knew that I had a title and a rent roll amounting to forty thousand a year. My first step in London was to hasten to my club, and, after leisurely digesting my breakfast and the *Morning Post*, I took courage to turn over and examine the pile of letters awaiting my return to England. It was with a shudder that I took up one from my aunt, Lady Castle-Connell. I knew her ladyship of old. Over and over again she had endeavored to entrap me for her eldest daughter, Lady Eudocia Connell, a fright, with a dreadful squint, and red hair to boot.

I took up the pink and scented missive rather nervously, much in the manner I had seen practised in the East, when letters arrived by a ship which had been in quarantine. I looked at the direction and then laid it down again, and, lighting a cigar, puffed and cogitated. Should I open it? Depend upon it, it is merely to ask for a loan, or to say that "Darling Eudocia is looking pale and thin. What do I advise?" &c.

Perhaps the post marks, which informed me that my dear aunt and cousin were at Vienna, at last reassured me. At any rate, no immediate danger could result from the opening of the precious document; so, resolving to sacrifice my own private feelings and wishes on the altar of family affection, I deliberately broke the seal. Imagine my joy! picture my astonishment! In the very first sentence my aunt informed me that darling Eudocia was married!

"You will, I am sure, be surprised, dearest Courton, to hear that your cousin Eudocia is married," wrote her ladyship. "Soon after you sailed for the Mediterranean my poor darling's health began to decline, and Dr. Halion recommended an Italian winter for her. Of course, every other consideration was sacrificed to the possible benefit which might accrue to my child, and we accordingly went to Rome. There we found Lord Lanston, an old friend of my poor husband's. He visited us a great deal, and attended us everywhere, which I thought, considering the former intimacy between the families, extremely natural. At last, to my great surprise, he one day informed me that he had made Eudocia an offer, and that she had accepted him, conditionally on my consent.

"It was, as you may imagine, joyfully given, for though Lord Lanston is seventy, and therefore it is not probable that my daughter will long enjoy the entailed property, there is a fine, unentailed estate which he has settled upon her, besides a very large fortune in the funds. I am sure you will be amused, my dear nephew, at finding your unbusiness-like aunt so thoroughly 'up' in such details.

"I was desirous of returning home immediately, in order that the marriage might take place in London; but Lord Lanston was anxious to avoid even that delay, and begged for as quiet a wedding as possible. Eudocia is so gentle, she actually acceded to these, I must confess, to me, apparently unreasonable demands, and my son-in-law (it seems so funny to write it) rewarded her deference to his wishes by presenting her with a splendid set of opals and diamonds. Indeed, he has been most liberal to us all, and Eudocia will have a princely establishment.

"I have been here in Vienna a month; I could not bear Rome without my dear child. Even here I am sadly lonely. Mine is indeed a cruel position, forced as I am by want of means to spend my Christmas in a foreign land. Cannot you come to me? It would feel more homelike, less miserably alienated from all natural ties than it does now. Do not refuse me. You would really like Vienna now. The society this winter is excellent, and the English are greatly in favor at court," &c., &c.

I heaved a huge, selfish sigh of relief. Here was one steel encased automaton the less to worry, force or cajole me into the dreaded matrimonial yoke. How I loved Lord Lanston! I believe that had he appeared before me at that moment I should have fallen weeping on his neck, and blessed him as my deliverer.

In the fulness of my heart I hurried to Hancock's, and after incurring the fatigue of choosing a gift worthy of the new-made bride, actually wrote to my aunt accepting her invitation. I felt perfectly safe in doing so, for I remembered that my aunt's second daughter, little Effie, must still be in short petticoats. This remarkable circumstance was indelibly impressed on my mind from the fact of my having, in a moment of unwonted generosity, when Lady Castle-Connell came to see me at Eton, expended all my pocket money in the purchase of a huge doll for my baby cousin, and being minus many pounds of sausages in consequence. I wonder how it was I used to like sausages!—I suppose my constitution was different then.

Having thus made up my mind that Vienna was safety, so far as I could be safe, I resolved to hasten my movements as much as possible; for Crawley (he is a college chum of mine) came down to White's, and told me that my enemies the Belgravian mothers had scented my approach, and were already seeking to devour me. In two hours from that time I was starting for the Continent.

It was only nine A. M. when I stopped at the hotel in which Lady Castle-Connell resided. My inquiries for her ladyship were answered by her confidential servant Larry, alias Mr. Moore, I believe he thought the former appellation would "bethray his counthry," which he felt sure his English never would. He was an old friend of mine, for he had formerly been gamekeeper on my uncle's estate, and had first taught me to handle a gun. He told me his mistress was still in her room, not expecting me so early, and that she begged I would wait in the drawing room until she joined me; and then, having delivered his message, and made me as comfortable as circumstances permitted, he proceeded in his own irresistible manner to recount to me the events which had taken place since I had last seen her ladyship. Though he took the Castle-Connell honor much to heart, I found him on the whole not displeased with my cousin's marriage.

"For in throth," said he, "though he is but a poor old spalpeen of a lord (saving your lordship's presence), yet Lady Eudocia might have found it a hard matter to find another with such a mint o' money. If it were Lady Euphemia now!"

Even on this hint I neglected to inquire about my cousin Effie. Lulled in fatal security, no good angel interposed to save me from danger. Without putting a single question I dismissed the man, and stretching myself full length on the sofa went to sleep; but I was awakened by a burst of laughter close to my ear, and springing up half asleep, nearly knocked my head against that of a young lady, who leant over me, apparently overcome with amusement.

I was virtuously indignant. It is not at all agreeable to be caught asleep by any one, much less by a syren in crinoline; one is sure to have one's mouth open, or to be snoring, or doing something equally disgusting. It was, then, in extreme confusion that I put myself in a more graceful position, and commenced my apologies—"I was waiting for Lady Castle-Connell, but as she did not appear ready to receive me, I would beg to withdraw," &c.; and, with a bow worthy of Sir Charles Grandison, I prepared to leave the room.

I had already reached the door when the lady, mastering her uncontrollable merriment, sprang towards me, and said, seizing my hand, "Don't you know me, Cousin Courton? Why, I am little Effie!"

My eyes opened to their fullest extent. Was it possible that my lady could call herself the mother of anything so free from affectation as my cousin appeared to be?

"Effie!" I said aloud; "impossible! Why, I left you a child, and I come back to find—— 'Pon my life, you've grown up very pretty."

"Have I?" she said, as comfortably as though compliments from me were things of everyday occurrence. "I am glad you think so. Count Stahletski told mamma the same, and so did a gentleman we knew in Rome, last winter—though I had not come out then. But you see I wear long dresses now," she continued, moving a few paces from me to show the length better. "When Eudocia was married I teased mamma till she consented, and she has even promised that I shall go to the next ball at the Embassy. But you have had no breakfast," she said, interrupting herself; "what a shame! I will ring for it directly."

I took advantage of her crossing the room to have a good look at her. My first opinion was confirmed; she was very lovely. Her blue eyes, fringed with long black lashes, betrayed her Celtic blood, while the nose more delicately chiselled, the lips less full than in the Irish race, resembled her Saxon mother. Her cheeks had the freshness of extreme youth, and her figure that roundness which generally disappears with nights of dissipation and days of excitement. Her dress was brown and soft, and did not rustle and sway to and fro when she moved, like most women's do. I wondered how old she could be; looking at her made me feel very antiquated.

"Come and sit down on the sofa by me," I said, resuming my usual drawling impertinent manner. Hitherto I had been unnaturally polite.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," she said, drawing up her slight figure. "I hate your English ways! If you want to talk to me, go and sit on that chair and give me the sofa."

Was language like this ever before addressed to an "eligible" with forty thousand a year? I was so surprised that I forgot to be angry.

"But we are cousins, Effie," said I. "Does not that make any difference?"

"Yes, generally," she replied; "but then——" She blushed intensely, and stopped in great confusion.

"But then—what?" I repeated. "O nothing!" said Effie.

"But I want to understand this mysterious 'nothing,'" said I.

"Well, then," said she, speaking with an effort, "perhaps it is better that I should tell you at once. Before you came I heard that you were one of those men who fancy that every woman they meet has designs upon them, and I detest men of that sort. You may be quite sure that you are safe with me."

For the first time for years I crimsoned with shame. What a fool I must appear in the eyes of the world, when a mere child could talk to me in this way!

"I am sorry you think so badly of me," I said. "What can I do to induce you to change your opinion?"

"Well, if you like, we will be friends," she replied, and with a charming mixture of childish hesitation and womanly dignity she held out her hand. "To tell the truth," she continued, laughing, "it is no use your doing 'the grand' with me; for ever since I saw you asleep with your mouth wide open I nearly die of laughter every time I look at you."

Breakfast appeared, and Effie busied herself with the coffee; she evidently wished to be a friend by deed as well as by word.

I had not felt so free from ennui for a long time, and I mentally compared my solitary bachelor breakfasts in London with the pleasantness of my present quarters. I do think that, confiding in Effie's youth and consequent freedom from designs on my person and property, I should have proposed on the spot, had not the entrance of my aunt changed the current of my thoughts. Her ladyship entered with the compliments of the rouge pot fresh upon her cheeks. I cannot imagine why she persisted in that vile fancy. She was pretty enough for her age, had a finer figure than either of her daughters, and was altogether an elegant looking woman. She greeted me most affectionately, and praised Euphemia for being such a good little housekeeper.

About a week after my arrival I escorted the ladies to the opera. Effie loved music, and on her account I had been at some trouble to procure the best available box in the house. Calling sang, and the whole of the music was admirably rendered. I noticed a crowd of glasses turned towards our *loge*, and looked at Effie, expecting to see the usual young ladyish conscious unconsciousness on her face. To my surprise I saw that the piece had engrossed her whole attention. She leant forward on the scarlet cushions, her lips apart with eagerness; one little hand supported her glowing cheek; the other, ungloved, lay on her lap; and ever and anon, as the heroine passionately reproached her false lover, or bemoaned his desertion, she clenched her slight fingers or let her arm fall listlessly to her side. At the end of the second act she drew a long breath.

"What do you think of it, Courton?" she asked, "is it not beautiful?"

"Beautiful, indeed!" I repeated, abstractedly, for I had been watching her and not the heroine on the stage.

Effie turned from me impatiently. Had she expected some more sensible remark? A knock at the door of the box, and a tall, slight man entered. He was remarkably handsome, and I felt furious when my aunt and cousin greeted him with every appearance of pleasure. He was introduced to me as Count Stahletski.

I hated the man before I saw him; for ever since I had been in Vienna I had heard of nothing but these confounded Stahletskis—first the count and then the countess. I instantly set him down as some rascally Pole, who imagined my little cousin a millionaire. Fearing he might be successful made me perfectly savage, and turning my head towards the stage I left him undisputed possession of the two ladies.

"But where is Pauline?" asked Effie in French.

"She was obliged to remain with my uncle to-night," was the reply. "He is called——"

The rest of the sentence was lost, for the count leant forward till his long mustaches almost touched the flowers in my cousin's hair, and I longed to knock the fellow down.

The opera was over, and I was obliged to offer Lady Castle-Connell my arm to the carriage, while the horrid Pole escorted Effie. That night I was nearly in love. Morning cooled my brain. I perceived that my aunt and cousin had combined, and laid a deep plot (in which the Pole had a part) to entrap me, and I was determined not to be entrapped.

I would not, however, expose myself to Effie's sly attempts at fascination. That childish manner was well put on. Women are actresses from beginning to end, and Effie was an unusually practised one. I would not avoid society as I had intended; I would rather seek it, and, if possible, I would fall in love with and marry some foreigner; that would be the best punishment for Effie's duplicity. I would begin that very day. I had arranged to ride with Effie in the Prater, and would there fix on some object worthy of my affections. I remained on the defensive all the morning. Lady Castle Connell tried in vain to draw me into conversation. Effie laughed, and said that I had fallen in love with some unknown fair one at the opera, and was unbearably cross in consequence.

Now, I never liked being laughed at; I was not accustomed to it; and I thought it extremely strange and uncomfortable to be made a butt for Effie's amusement. It was no good trying to stop her, and my only resource was to inform her that the horses would be kept waiting. She did not detain me, but came down in good time—looking lovely in her dark blue riding habit and little plumed hat. I was not to be caught though by this attention to my wishes; so I assisted her into the saddle without a word. I remember that my heart beat when I held her tiny foot in my hand. At the time I wondered why—I know now.

Our ride was delightful. Effie, like all Irish girls, rode well and fearlessly. Nearly every one we met turned round and looked at her admiringly. I thought her very designing that afternoon. The Pole (I hate the man's name) had been calling on the ladies that morning, and I felt sure that his visit accounted for Effie's extreme amiability towards me. The brute wants to induce me to marry Effie, that he himself may make an easy victim of my aunt. He doubtless thinks "miladi" a rich jointure.

A few nights after our ride in the Prater the long talked of ball at the British Embassy came off. Euphemia was wild with delight, and for two or three days beforehand expressed such childish pleasure at the thought of coming formally out that I was almost thrown off my guard; not quite, though. Lady Castle-Connell was too knowing—she overreached herself. She talked so much of her daughter's innocent delight that my old suspicion of the Polish plot was revived.

On the night of the ball I managed to get Mr. C——, the secretary of legation, to give his arm to my aunt, and thus secured Effie for myself.

I am not fond of being encumbered with middle-aged females; they bore one even more than girls; and besides, notwithstanding her duplicity, I had some regard for my cousin, though I had not given up my idea of falling in love with some one else to spite her.

I was looking about me for a chair whereon to deposit my cousin, when a lady entered, so extremely beautiful that a sort of hushed murmur of admiration arose. Imagine the most exquisite Grecian statue, its face illumined by a pair of wondrous eyes, its long waves of hair bound by golden fillets and bright jewels; clothe it in crinoline and, in other respects, modern attire, and you have before you the figure I was looking at.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, touching Effie's shoulder, "how surpassingly lovely! Who is she?"

"Why that is Count Stahletski's sister," she replied. "She is thought the greatest beauty in Vienna. Perhaps you would like to be introduced," she added, rather sarcastically, I thought.

I hung back; I was annoyed at finding my Grecian divinity was sister to the odious Pole; however, a pretty woman is worth knowing anywhere, so I went through the ceremony of presentation. The nymph with the wondrous eyes slightly lifted them, and bowed indifferently; then, seizing on Effie, poured forth a long speech in the purest French, expressive of her rapture at seeing her again, &c.

"I only returned yesterday," she said, "or I should have paid you a visit before now. I caught a glimpse of you on horseback from my window. You were with your cousin, I think?"

I had partly withdrawn from the immediate circle round the countess, but she so directed her question that I could not but advance and reply.

"You are very fortunate in having such a lovely cousin," she remarked, as Effie went off under her partner's charge.

The countess did not dance; it was not her style, and she knew it.

I muttered some vapid compliment "that my cousin's beauty was as completely eclipsed by the speaker's own charms as the sun outshines the moon;" and I did but express my thoughts. Countess Stahletski's was the very perfection of loveliness—form, contour and coloring. She must have been beautiful anywhere; and, attired as she was with almost regal magnificence, her head and bust blazing with jewels, she completely dimmed Effie's ideal face, for my cousin's charm consisted far more in refined delicacy of expression than in her really pretty features.

I am not fond of dancing, so I took up my station near the *fauteuil* in which the Grecian goddess was worshipped, and rejoiced like a demon when I observed the despairing glances which my lady aunt cast at me from time to time. I can't flatter myself that I enjoyed much conversation with the beautiful Pauline; there were far too many candidates for words and smiles for me to obtain more than a scanty portion, and the principal part of my evening was spent in watching her perfect face.

The guests were departing; and I, forgetting my suspicions, advanced to hand my cousin to the carriage. I had almost reached her, when I saw the Pole, who had made himself so actively obnoxious ever since my arrival in Vienna, offer his arm. I angrily stood aside to let them pass.

"What a consummate flirt!" I thought, as Effie passed me without recognition. I could not bring myself to believe then that any woman from fifteen to forty-five could be oblivious of my presence.

I returned towards the Countess Stahletski, who had risen to depart. A whole crowd of adorers and admirers stood waiting, in hopes of being permitted to hold her bouquet, to cloak her, or to hand her down the stairs. I stood sulkily aloof; I had had enough for one evening, and was determined to make no more advances. To my joy, or rather to the gratification of my wounded vanity, the lovely Pole leant forward and said, "Lord Courton, if you have no duties to perform," and she glanced towards my aunt, who stood talking to the Princess C———, "I would beg you to hand me to my carriage. My *chaperon* deserted me, leaving me in my brother's charge, and he too has played truant and left me alone."

I could not but be sensible of the honor intended me, and with a triumphant glance at the disappointed swains around, led the Countess from the room. I fancied that she leant on me rather more than was absolutely necessary, and in return for the discrimination she had shown in choosing me from among the common herd, I begged permission to call the next morning, which request was graciously granted.

"I want so much to have a long talk with you," she said, with her bewitching smile; "I love your nation; Englishmen alone truly sympathize with my unhappy country."

Her beautiful eyes filled with tears as she spoke; then, mastering the momentary emotion, and fixing them, bright and glowing, on me, as though she would read my very soul, she exclaimed passionately, "Tell me that you too love Poland."

I don't know what the deuce was the matter with me that night; I am almost ashamed to own it; but it is a fact that I, who had successfully withstood the most desperate efforts of the most rabid husband-hunters living—the mothers of Belgravia and Mayfair—became spooney under the ardent gaze of the Polish Circe, and, like any lovesick boy fresh from college, told her "I could love anything for her sake."

The next morning I breakfasted in my room. I had resolved to fall in love with the Countess Stahletski, and thus destroy Effie's schemes for an establishment. Fully did I realize the awful change which would take place if I transformed the penniless daughter of an Irish Earl into an English Peeress. Farewell, then, to that soft brown dress and plain white collar, bought and put on for the express purpose of winning not me, but my broad acres. Farewell to the *tête-à-tête* breakfasts which I had found so dangerously pleasant. The simple dress, the domestic habits, the winning smiles, would be discarded like a masquerade dress on the very day in which I led my newly made bride from the altar.

That day and every succeeding one found me with the beautiful Pauline. She was quite free, for she lived with an aunt who was never off the sofa, and her obnoxious brother had taken himself off somewhere. I had had to give satisfaction more than once on her account—to an Hungarian officer, to whom she had been rather gracious before my arrival, and to a fiery Roman Prince. I enjoyed the supreme pleasure of winging both these adversaries.

My aunt was in despair at my infatuation, and actually took upon herself to call me to account for my devotion to "that foreign adventuress," as she presumed to call Pauline. To her horror I informed her that I should consider myself the happiest man on earth the day that I presented Pauline to her as a niece. Lady Castle Connell positively shrieked when I made that avowal, and Effie turned very pale. I suppose she did not like to think of the Courton diamonds on Pauline's brow. She had probably accustomed herself to think of them as in her own possession.

Several months thus passed away. I had made the Countess a formal offer, and had met with such an undecided refusal as induced me to remain hanging on in Vienna.

One evening, hastening as usual to Pauline, I found her fearfully agitated. Her breath came by hard, labored gasps, her bosom heaved with emotion, while her glittering eyes and clenched hands showed the volcano about to break forth. I inquired the cause of her sorrow.

"*Lisez*," she replied, in a choked voice, and tossed a newspaper towards me.

I took it up, in hopes of an explanation, but it was in Polish.

Pauline's aunt explained the cause of her niece's agitation. The paper contained the first news of the Warsaw massacres; and my Pauline, with her noble heart, felt every blow struck against her unhappy country like a dagger piercing her own breast.

My admiration and love went on *crescendo*, and as spring advanced and the tiny spark of just indignation, wrung from a few agonized hearts, was fanned into a mighty insurrection, I grew almost as enthusiastic as Pauline, and would at one time have freely given my whole fortune for Poland.

Countess Stahletski seemed at last to understand and appreciate my entire devotion to her; and when I again implored her to be my wife, she accepted me, making only one condition—I must win her with the sword's point; in other words, I must join a band of insurgents then waiting in Galicia to cross the frontier. In a moment of infatuation I actually consented. Pauline arranged everything for me. She wrote to some relations in Austrian Poland, with whom I was to remain until the detachment was ready to set out, and even consented to forward about five thousand pounds, which I devoted to the cause of my inamorata's country, to the proper authorities.

The night before I started on my wild goose chase I returned to the hotel earlier than usual. I considered it my duty to inform my relations of my departure, and gloated in advance over Lady Castle Connell's anguish when she should find her fine schemes so entirely frustrated; for, in spite of my devotion for Pauline, I think the fair lady still had hopes of my estates, entailed and unentailed.

I entered the drawing room unannounced. Effie was sitting on a low chair with a book in her lap, but she was not reading; her eyes were shaded by their long black lashes, and she leant her head wearily on her hand. She did not observe my entrance, and I stood a few minutes watching her. I remember her attitude exactly, it gave me such a melancholy feeling; I thought at the time her mother had been scolding her. It struck me that the last three months had made a great change in her. The joyous, free-from-care look which had first attracted my attention had totally disappeared, and an assumed gaiety had taken its place.

At any other time I should have attributed this change to the mortification which she must experience, knowing that the Courton coronet would never grace her brow; but that evening I felt spooney. Visions of myself lying cold and stiff under Polish snow, a noble victim in a righteous cause, flashed across my brain, and I mentally composed an affecting notice of my own death for the English papers. I had just finished lamenting the death of the promising and talented young nobleman, had drawn a parallel between myself and Byron, and was sinking to whom the various properties devolved, when a sigh from Effie dissipated my dreams.

"Pauline would certainly go into a convent," I unconsciously exclaimed.

Effie looked up, and seeing who it was, laughed merrily.

"Would she really?" she asked; "may I ask when and wherefore?"

"What are you talking about, little cousin?" I said, endeavoring to pass my soliloquy over without remark.

Effie was merciful. It is a quality very few women possess. She was always ready to forego making a witty remark if she thought it could possibly give pain; so in the present instance she allowed me to turn the conversation.

"What are you doing?" I inquired, seeing her busying herself with some articles of adornment lying on the table near her.

"Don't you see?" she replied. "I don't believe you will ever understand the mysteries of a lady's toilet. Look, I am taking the scarlet feather out of my hat (you said you were tired of 'that red thing'), and am putting in a white one. You know you promised to take me for a ride to-morrow."

"Why do you not let your maid do it?" I impatiently asked; "I cannot endure ladies to work work when I am talking to them; it takes off their attention. I have sometimes found myself obliged to repeat my remarks."

"Oh, mamma cannot spare Cecile just now; she is very busy indeed. But tell me the news," she said, as she busily adjusted the white plume.

I did not answer; toying abstractedly with the "red thing," I thought over the change which had taken place in her, and longed to know the reason. She looked up suddenly, and exclaimed, "Oh, my poor feather!"

Poor feather indeed! In the course of my reflections I twisted and crushed the feather until it was unfit to wear, and we both laughed at the sad appearance it presented.

"'Tis all very well to laugh," said Effie, "but what shall I do?"

"Never mind, we will get another to-morrow," I replied.

"A very nice apology for your carelessness," she rejoined. "Don't you know, most noble cousin, that new friends can't so easily replace old ones?"

"Can't they?" I said eagerly; "then we ought to be great allies. When you were a tiny child in blue shoes, and I a great rough schoolboy, our friendship had already commenced. Why are you different now?"

"I am not," she replied, averting her eyes; "the change is in yourself."

"Only because you have been so reserved with me of late," I said, totally forgetful of Pauline and the Polish plot. "Be to me as you were when I first came, and you——"

At this moment Lady Castle-Connell entered. If it had not been for that confounded woman I ought now be the happy possessor of two arms instead of one.

Her ladyship was horror-struck when I informed her of my plans. I must, on this occasion, give her credit for showing a little unselfish affection, for she must by this time have been hopeless of ever netting me son-in-law. Effie said nothing. When she at last spoke, I turned suddenly; her voice sounded so strange that I thought she must be ill, but she looked the same as ever. I do not think Vienna agreed with her; she was fast losing the English roses in her cheeks. The conversation did not flourish that evening, and I took leave of the ladies with a heavy heart.

I have not the patience to relate the series of ludicrous and tragical adventures which attended my Polish expedition. Suffice it to say, that after enduring weeks of frightful hardships, I at last found an opportunity of meeting the Russians in the field, and was rewarded by a musket shot in my left arm, which rendered amputation necessary. I was carried back to Cracow, and there, in the hospital, crowded with the dead and dying, was seized with typhus fever. I remember nothing more until I found myself in a pleasant, airy, almost English looking room. I lay in that delightful dreamy state which always attends the first few days of convalescence after a long illness, and for a moment fancied I must be back in Vienna, the workbox on the table near me looked so strangely like Effie's.

"Alas! there is no such good fortune for me," I exclaimed. "I deserve to be abandoned by all."

A white hand drew back the curtain, and a well-known voice exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, he is saved. He has awoke free from fever."

More and more wonderful! How on earth came my aunt and cousin in Poland? Or was I really once more in Vienna? Effie explained the mystery. She told me that while I lay dying in the hospital an Austrian officer had by chance discovered my name, and had kindly telegraphed to the British ambassador at Vienna. He had of course instantly informed my aunt of my whereabouts, and she and Effie started off for my relief.

"But where are we now?" I inquired.

"We are still in Cracow," she replied. "Mamma obtained your release from the hospital very easily, and brought you here to the hotel. But you must not talk so much," she said, menacing me with her finger as one does a naughty child.

I was as obedient; it was so delightful to be watched and waited upon by Effie. She wore the soft brown dress which had first won my heart, and moved about the room as quiet as a little mouse. I had forgotten Pauline altogether, or if I did think of her it was with a shudder of righteous indignation, regarding her as the cause of all my misfortunes. My love and my arm had disappeared together. At last, I one day inquired for her.

"She is, I believe, very well," said Effie.

"Where is she?" I continued.

Neither lady answered, and I repeated my question.

"We will talk of her another day," said Lady Castle-Connell; "you must go to sleep now."

"Not till you have told me about my whilom inamorata," I answered, laughing. "Has she run away with Captain von Tzadiltz, or with Prince Crivelli?"

There is many a true word said in jest in this strange world of ours.

"Do you feel strong enough to hear bad news?" said my lady aunt, approaching my bedside with an awfully severe countenance.

"Perhaps I may not think it so bad," I replied, smiling.

"Well then, my dearest nephew, I must tell you that that horrid adventuress——"

"Hush," I said, "we will not speak ill of her. Come you and tell me about it, little cousin."

I well deserved the sequel to my self-imposed romance. At the time of the outbreak in Warsaw Pauline's lover was in the ill-fated city, and was among the many unfortunates carried off to the citadel. By the influence of his relatives he at last obtained his release, but only to be sent to the Caucasus to remain there until the rebellion was quelled. Pauline, who was really a patriot, had followed him thither; and, while I lay almost dying in the hospital, became his happy wife.

* * * * * *

Effie and I have had a little mutual explanation. She wickedly told me that with her it was quite a case of love at first sight, for that, stretched full length on the sofa, with my mouth wide open, I was perfectly irresistible. We are to be married next month.

Facetiae.

When is a chimney like a chicken? When it is a little foul.

A country saw filer has the following over his door—"James Nokes, Saw Dentist."

Is the dog star a sky terrier, or merely a tarrier in the sky?

There is a very prevalent belief—as erroneous as it is popular—that more attention can be paid to a sermon when the eyes are shut than when they are open.

"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of a patient, "that you think me a humbug?" "Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

A turned coroner being asked the other day how he accounted for the great mortality this year, exclaimed, "I cannot tell; there are people dying this year who never died before."

"Pat," said a gentleman to his servant, in the conscription time in New York, "what's all that noise in the street?" "Oh, nothing, sir; they're only forcing a man to turn volunteer."

The following notice lately appeared in a window in London:—"Children taught to dance, if agreeable at 6d. per week, by J. Williams, who buys and sells old iron and coats—Shoes cleaned and mended."

"My son," said Mr. Spriggins (it was Mr. Spriggin's desire to instruct the family), "my son, do you know that chickens come out of eggs?" "Ah, do they, father?" said Spriggins, junior, "I thought eggs came out of chickens."

"What should you think now," said a professor who was examining a class in "Paley's Natural Theology" in relation to the laws of cause and effect—"what should you think if you picked up a watch in the street?" "I should think," answered the student, "I was a precious lucky fellow."

A good story is told about the pheasant preserver in Norfolk. When sport was exceedingly desired for an illustrious visitor it was found necessary to send the head keeper home, as the pheasants lately noted his presence into a premonitory symptom of feeding time, and would sit on his shoulder and drop at his feet.

A little girl about four years old, and a little boy about six, had been cautioned not to take away the hen's egg; but one morning, when they went for the egg, the little girl took it and started for the house. Her little brother followed, crying, "Mother! mother! Susy's been and got the egg the old hen measured by!"

When the Misses Cause made their first appearance at Drury Lane they sang a duet. Most of the principal singers stood at the side of the orchestra to hear them, including Mr. Braham. At the end of their first duet his opinion was solicited, when he said, "Very good, indeed, great effects from little Causes."

A man was recently brought up by a farmer and accused of stealing some ducks. The farmer said he should know them anywhere, and went on to describe their peculiarity. "Why!" said the counsel for the prisoner, "they can't be such a very rare breed; I have some like them in my yard." "That's very likely," said the farmer; "these are not the only ducks of the sort I have had stolen lately."

An Eastern editor says that a man in New York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A Western editor replies by assuring his contemporary that a good many men had done the same thing by marrying one. A Northern editor retorts that quite a number of his acquaintances found trouble enough by barely promising to marry, without going any farther. A Southern editor says that a friend of his was bothered enough when simply found in company with another man's wife.

The following is the latest oil story:—A man went from New York to the Pennsylvania oil region, and spent forty five hundred dollars in boring for oil, but without success. He had no funds left, but bought five barrels of oil on credit, carried them to his well in the night, poured the oil down his pipes, and next morning began pumping with a success which astonished his neighbors. Before the flow stopped he sold his well for seven thousand dollars, and went home.

Did you ever know anything used as a comparison to trembling but an aspen leaf? Did you ever see the chains which are said occasionally to bind the freeborn mind? Did you ever light your cigar with the flames of love? Was ever your face bronzed by the sunshine of prosperity? or have you been obliged to resort to an umbrella by the dark clouds of adversity? Did you ever see an alabaster brow, an adamantine soul, an icy heart, or an iron frame?

"Ah, Jemmy, Jemmy," said the Bishop of Derry to a drunken blacksmith, "I am sorry to see you beginning your evil course again, and, Jemmy, I am very anxious to know what you intend to do with that fine lad, your son?" "I intend, sir," said Jemmy, "to do for him what you cannot do for your son." "Eh! eh! How's that—how's that?" To which Jemmy, with a burst of genuine feeling, said, "I intend to make him a better man than his father."

A lady went to the matron of a public institution and selected a girl to act as domestic servant at her house. When she had been in the situation a short time the girl was sent back to the institution with a note to the matron, of which the following is a verbatim copy:—"this Girl As Left her place she dose Not Like Werks she Ass plenty of something to eat An very Little to dow I am Sorry to say She is A very sory sorry girl indred I haved been very much Sost With her."

Bonnel Thornton, like most wits, was a lover of conviviality, which frequently led him to spend the whole night in company and all the next morning in bed. On one of these occasions an old female relation, having waited on him before he had arisen, began to read him a familiar lecture on prudence, which she concluded by saying, "Ah, Bonnel, I see plainly that you'll shorten your days." "Very true madame," replied he; "but, by the same rule, you must admit that I shall lengthen my nights."

Alfonso Lombardi, a celebrated sculptor of the time of Charles V., was a great coxcomb. He got punished one day by a lady of Bologna, to whom he took it into his head to make love in a foppish manner. She was his partner at a ball, in the midst of which he turned to her, and heaving a profound sigh, said, as he looked her in the face with what he thought ineffable sweetness in his eyes, and we may suppose some fantastic and writhing gesture, "If it is not love I feel, pray what is it?"—"Perhaps," said the young lady, "something bites you."

A schoolmaster lately gave a holiday to his pupils for the purpose of skating. A little boy, ten years of age, not having learned his lesson, was to be kept in the schoolroom all day for punishment, while his companions were amusing themselves. The professor observing the child was intently studying his lesson, came to him and said, "If you can write me a sentence of four words, each one to commence with s, I will let you go and play with your comrades." Fifteen minutes after the little boy showed his master the following phrase—"Studious scholar shall skate."

The Greenock *Advertiser* states that a woman accosted some navvies who were about to embark at Greenock for Egypt, and asked where they were going, and was told that they were bound for the "Sooz Canal." "An' whaur may that be?" said the questioning dame. "In Aegypt," answered Pat, who most likely had not the vaguest idea where that country was placed on the globe. The old lady pondered for a while, and then sagely remarked, "Weel, man, Moses took the Israelites oo't o' Egypt, but I'se warran it'll take twenty Moseses to take oo't the Eerish if they ance get their fit in."

Josh Billings says:—Yu kant ask enything ov a man that he hates to give more, and that kosts him less, than advize. It is hard work to live on advize, and hav enything left over, unless you are speshially ordained. One ov mi friends, a fust rate feller enuff (he iz in the army ov the Pottermak now, given advize to a one ov the regiments thare; I think he iz a brigadier, or the have been teazing him to be one, I don't know which), rote me a letter a short time since, advized me to start on a lekturein tower. If thare is eny one or six things I despize, it is a lekturing around the kuntry. If I was on the list of doktors of divinitee, with half cored bronkeetis in my throt, and had a lektur two hours and a half long on the kuller of the red sea, I presume I mite travel with it. Mi frend in the army advized me to lektur on temperance. I replied to him as follers:—Dear Sur—I hav not konsidered lektoring on temperanse my speshial ordaining. I never found miself lodgeing around in sumboddy's gutters for years ago. I never pulled out awl of my wife's hair, nor sold enny of mi innocent little children to buy spirits with. I never had eny panes ov glass in my windows that were exclusively old hat. I haint adopted green specktacles as aknot of the natral tendency to weak eyes that all our families enjoys, and when I reflect that awl flesh iz grass, and that awl grass is apt tew wilt in a hot day, and I hav felt it my duty to straighten up my grass gently once in a while with a little good old rye, I am more and morely convinced that I never was speshially ordained tew tokture on temperance and draw a fair jab.

Artistic.

Opening of the New Building of the National Academy of Design.

The inauguration ceremonies of the National Academy of Design took place last Tuesday evening, on which occasion the pictures on exhibition were submitted to a private view. The basis of the fund from which this structure was erected was raised by subscription among the artists in addition to the fund of the old Academy of Design, to which were afterwards added many liberal subscriptions from several citizens. The cost of the building will be about one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, when all that is contemplated for its completion is accomplished.

While the building was in progress, and partially concealed by scaffolding and enclosure, it had a strange outré appearance that created some surprise, and no little astonishment that a structure designed for the purposes of art should present so little of what seemed to be artistic taste. People supposed that because it was designed by artists it must be something exceedingly beautiful, that is according to the popular idea of beauty in architecture—an idea, of course, mainly formed by comparison with other handsome structures. But the artists formed a different notion. They designed to erect a building bizarre and strange looking, which would be remarkable more for its novelty in our city architecture than for its beauty of style and effect, and it must be admitted by all who see it now in its finished state, that they have succeeded. The object appears to have been to construct an edifice that could not be mistaken for a bank, or a church, or a block of lawyer's offices. It was expected that every one who saw it would ask what it was, and upon being informed that it was the National Academy of Design, they would never forget the structure or its location. That the expectations of the designers have been carried out in this respect there can be no doubt, although, as a work of pure art, it is not to be admired, neither does it strike us as being a style appropriate to its purposes.

The site upon which this edifice is erected was purchased from Mr. William Niblo, at a cost of fifty thousand dollars, in the autumn of 1860, and after numerous designs had been submitted to the Academy for their adoption, by various architects, the plan of Mr. P. B. Wright was finally adopted, and, under his supervision, the work has been executed. The building occupies the whole of a lot situated at the northwest corner of Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street, eighty feet wide on the street and ninety-eight feet nine inches long on the avenue. It is three stories high besides the cellar. The lower or basement story contains—first, the janitor's apartments, the floor of which is raised one step above the sidewalk, occupying the whole end on Twenty-third street; second, the rooms of the School of Design, the floor of which is [illegible] lower than that of the Janitor's rooms, thus giving a ceiling sixteen feet high, and which occupies three-fourths of the whole basement story. The accommodations for the school are ample. It occupies three sides on Fourth avenue, lighted by large windows, the whole covering a space of forty-seven by sixty-eight feet. This is the Hall of Ancient Statuary. The collection of statues and busts is very large. Among them we recognized the Laocoon, Apollo Belvidere, Venus de Medici, Silenus and Bacchus, the Boxers of Canova, the Wrestlers, Dying Gaul, [illegible] and many others as familiar as they are valuable to art students. The floors are supported by light columns of deep bronze tone, the capitals richly ornamented with leaves in gold. The Life School occupies a hall on the north side of the building, twenty-seven by fifty-four feet, and partially lighted from a court yard. This is not yet completed. The entrance to all the rooms in this story is by a door in the southern end of the Fourth avenue side.

The principal story is reached by a double flight of steps on the Twenty-third street end, and is entered by a large doorway, from which a hall, eighteen feet wide, runs nearly the whole length of the building. The whole Fourth avenue side is occupied by a suite of four rooms, the most southerly is the reception room, twenty-two by twenty-six feet, the next two, each the size of the reception room, are for the library. The most northerly is the council room, which is twenty-two by forty-five feet. To the west of the central hall are ladies' and gentlemen's dressing rooms, and a lecture room, which is immediately above, and the same size as the Life School Room, in the story below.

The upper story is for the exhibition galleries. In the centre is a hall, thirty-four by forty feet, divided by a double arcade, supported on columns of polished marble. [illegible]

[illegible]

Literary.

Naples is in great excitement about some Bourbon manuscripts which have just come to light.

Mr. Herbert Fisher, secretary and late tutor of the Prince of Wales, is about to publish "Considerations on the Origin of the American War."

Mr. Frederick Martin will soon publish his Life of John Clare, the all-but-forgotten Northamptonshire poet. Clare, it may possibly be remembered, is introduced by Godwin in Caleb Williams as one of his characters.

The latest wicked personage of English history to be whitewashed is our King John. Mr. William Chadwick has published a book to show that King John was one of the wisest, noblest, and bravest of Kings, and that as for Prince Arthur he fully deserved all he got.

The Prussian learned writers look forward with [illegible] the appointment of one Herr Von Hinsley to the Prussian Embassy at Pekin, and remark that it will result in a thousand new grammars and commentaries on the Celestial language.

A comfort for little boys and girls is the announcement that a royal road to reading has been discovered by a Frenchman, M. Laffon, which enables the most illiterate to learn to read in an incredible time. M. Laffon commenced with twenty-two soldiers on the 1st of February who did not know a letter, and now they can read fluently.

Among recent Italian books is a translation of Byron's "Don Juan"—"*Don Giovanni, Poema di Lord Byron, ridotto in ottava rima*," by Antonietta Sacchi, a poetess of rising fame.

Professor Franzi Fiorentino has published a volume of upwards of three hundred pages, entitled, "*Saggio Storico sulla Filosofia Greca*," to which he has prefixed by way of introduction, his lectures on Aristotle and Philosophy, delivered at Bologna in 1863-4.

A supplement to "Cæsar" is about to be published by the Pope, in the shape of Napoleon III.'s letters to Bolinisa promising him secure possession of the papal dominions.

Dean Milman has been made a corresponding member of the French Académie Morale et Politique.

Mr. Edward Miall has issued a work of his ministry which he calls "An Editor off the Line."

The cheap edition of Mr. Dickens's works promises to be a very great success. Between twenty and thirty thousand of the "Pickwick" have already been sold.

A London penny daily newspaper, with a capital of £50,000, is talked of. It will support the views of the Emperor Napoleon.

Five thousand pounds subscription is wanted from England for the erection of a town hall at Geneva, to the memory of Calvin; Geneva will subscribe the other £1,000 required. This is the way to get buildings cheap [illegible].

A very biting pamphlet, called "History of Napoleon III. by Julius Cæsar," is in circulation in Paris. The police are playing at hunt-the-slipper after it, and will break their [illegible] whom it is found.

The refusal of the Académie Française to admit M. Jules Janin as a member is said to be due to political reasons, as he can wield a pen like a [illegible] as well and as brilliantly as seven-eighths of the dead talents, who have a right to the name of literary, being greatly in [illegible] that byway of science, and mere grubbers at and copiers from the imperial library.

M. Charles has presented to the French Academy of Sciences, in the name of the Prince Boncompagni, three tracts on mathematics, translated from the Arabic at the Prince's expense, beginning at the eleventh century. M. Charles stated the curious fact that in these early writings rules are given for finding the sums of various series.

The latest bit of literary gossip is that the Poet Laureate has been made F.R.S. Fancy Tennyson "assisting" at those dreary evening meetings in Piccadilly.

M. G. H. Ollendorf, the author of many well known grammars of modern languages, is dead.

Mr. Charles Knight is preparing for the press another [illegible]

[illegible]

Scientific.

[illegible]

Amusements.

Musical.

HERMAN OPERA—FAUST.

[illegible]

MARTHA.

[illegible]

FIDELIO.

[illegible]

THE MAGIC FLUTE.

[illegible]

THE HUGUENOTS.

[illegible]

ITALIAN OPERA IN BROOKLYN.

[illegible]

FOREIGN.

[illegible]

Theatrical.

BROADWAY THEATRE.

[illegible]

WINTER GARDEN.

[illegible]

NIBLO'S THEATRE.

[illegible]

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

[illegible]

HIPPOTHEATRON.

[illegible]

FOREIGN.

[illegible]

Sporting.

The Turf.

FASHION COURSE, L. I.—TROTTING.

[illegible]

UNION COURSE, L. I.—TROTTING.

[illegible]

THE PRIZE RING.

Two Prize Fights in Brooklyn in One Evening.

[illegible]

Two Fights in Philadelphia.

[illegible]

Varieties.

[illegible]

STONEMAN.

Successful Operations Before Sherman's Truce.

[illegible]

EUROPE.

Exciting Effect of the Fall of Richmond in England and France.

The News of Lee's Surrender Received in England.

Napoleon's Plan for an Anti-American Alliance with England.

Canada and Mexico in Danger and to be Defended.

&c., &c., &c.

The steamship City of London, Captain Prine, which left Liverpool at one o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th, and Queenstown on the 20th of April, arrived at this port at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon.

The steamship Peruvian, from Liverpool 20th inst., via Londonderry 21st instant, passed Father Point at three P. M. on Sunday, en route to Quebec.

The news is five days later.

In England the news of the fall of Richmond continued to be the all engrossing topic. The details of the operations were eagerly canvassed, and later news was anxiously awaited. The effect of the news upon the London Stock Exchange was indicated in the latest advices by the Africa, but as a holiday prevailed in the Liverpool cotton market the influence there was not shown until the 17th of April.

The usual Easter banquet was given by the Lord Mayor of London, at the Mansion House, on the 17th ult., but it was devoid of political interest, no Cabinet minister being present. Mr. and Mrs. Fernando Wood and Miss Wood were among the guests.

It was reported in France that the Emperor Napoleon would embark from Marseilles about the 28th of April for Algiers, escorted by the iron clad squadron. The Empress will assume the direction of affairs during his absence as Regent, assisted by the privy council. It was stated that the Emperor's visit is for the purpose of concerting with the government of Algeria measures necessitated by the state of the French possessions. [illegible]

[illegible]

THE FALL OF RICHMOND.

[illegible]

AMERICAN SECURITIES.

Messrs. Baring Bros. & Co.'s circular says:—A large business has been done this week in United States five-twenties, in Erie and in Illinois railroad shares, at advancing prices. We quote five twenties at 68½ a 68¾. Erie, 46½ a 47. Illinois, 69½ a 70½. Virginia bonds are also firm: 6's, 34 a 35, sterling 5's, 79 a 81.

LONDON, April 22—P. M.

The quotations of American securities were—
United States five twenties, 68½ a 68¾.
Illinois Central Railroad, 69½ a 70½.
Erie Railroad, 46½ a 47.

PARIS, April 22—P. M.

The Bourse is heavy. The rentes closed at 67f. 65c.

WINDING UP THE REBELLION.

Important Order from President Johnson.

Removal of Restrictions on Trade in Various Southern States.

Orders for the Reduction of Our Army Expenses.

The Expenses to be Lessened One Million Dollars a Day.

FLIGHT OF REBELS FROM CANADA.

Guerillas and Deserters Taking the Oath.

&c., &c., &c.

Executive Order Removing Restrictions on Trade in the Southern States East of the Mississippi.

WASHINGTON, April 30, 1865.

The following order has been issued by the President:—

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, April 29, 1865.

Being desirous to relieve all loyal citizens and well disposed persons residing in the insurrectionary States from unnecessary commercial restrictions, and to encourage them to return to peaceful pursuits, it is hereby [illegible]

[illegible]

Current News Items.

Both from St. Louis and New Orleans we have the announcement that negotiations for the surrender of all the rebel forces of the Trans-Mississippi Department, commanded by General Kirby Smith, were recently in progress on the Mississippi river, near the mouth of Red river. The terms are said to be the same as those accorded to Lee by Grant. We have not yet learned of the conclusion of these negotiations.

Our Mobile despatch states that a rebel officer had arrived at General Canby's headquarters, authorized by General Dick Taylor to arrange terms for the surrender of his force. A Memphis despatch says that Taylor had entered into an agreement for an armistice with General Dana, on the same terms as those agreed to by Sherman and Johnston.

It is reported from New Orleans that Stephen R. Mallory, of Florida, who held in Jeff. Davis' now exploded Cabinet the position of Secretary of that always mythical establishment, the rebel navy, surrendered himself on the 20th ult., at Pensacola, to Captain Gibson, of the national navy.

General Wright, with the Sixth corps, of the Army of the Potomac, arrived at Danville, Va., from Burkesville Junction, on last Thursday, having made the march of over one hundred miles in four days. On the route and at Danville he captured a large amount of valuable property, including much railroad running stock and the machinery stolen from the government works at Harper's Ferry by the rebels. Rebel officers, when they learned that the Sixth corps was moving on Danville, urgently importuned General Meade to stop its march, on the strength of General Sherman's armistice with Joe Johnston. The only comfort they got from General Meade was that he would stop General Wright when directed to do so by his superior officer, General Grant. It is expected that the Sixth corps will remain at Danville for some time.

General Sheridan, with his cavalry, got as far as Abbeville, Va., near the junction of Staunton and Dan rivers, on his way to Danville, but when the news of the rebel General Johnston's surrender was received he was ordered to return to Petersburg.

The necessary preparations for the resumption of travel on the Richmond and Danville and the Petersburg and Lynchburg railroads are rapidly progressing, and in a short time trains will once more be running through to Washington, via Richmond, from Lynchburg and Danville, after an interruption of four years. On all the railroads centering at Richmond, excepting the York River Road, trains are now running for some distance out of that city. On the Virginia Central Railroad trains go as far as forty five miles from the city.

Our Key West despatches are to the 24th of April. The unexpected and terrible news of the President's assassination had caused the same gloom and excited [illegible]

[illegible]

Agricultural.

The Field.

CULTURE OF THE SWEET POTATO.

To raise a crop of sweet potatoes observe the following rules:—

1. Select for that purpose, if convenient, some time during the previous fall or winter, a piece of dry, rich sandy soil, and one, if possible, that has no [illegible] in it, for that is a choice food to a kind of grub [illegible] is often very destructive to the young sprouts.

2. During the winter, or very early in the spring, it will be needful to provide heaps of compost [illegible] at suitable distances apart, and at the rate of about twenty loads of compost per acre. A good compost is made of about equal [illegible] of stable manure and marl, the manure should be placed in the bottom when the heap is first made, [illegible] so that it should be turned and thoroughly mixed together. [illegible]

If the ground be [illegible] anything green, especially clover, [illegible] ploughed in the fall or during the winter, as a precaution against the grubs, that the frosts of winter [illegible] may kill a large number [illegible]. Another reason for ploughing early [illegible] is, that such worms as are in the soil may be starved out by keeping it entirely destitute of vegetation up to the time of setting out the plants, for these worms cannot live on nothing, nor on soil alone; and the time for putting out the sprouts is not before the middle or latter part of May, after some weeks of warm weather, by that time whatever little are hatched in the soil will probably perish without food. [illegible]

[illegible]

The Flower Garden.

[illegible]

The Kitchen Garden.

[illegible]

The [illegible] small or Bassano beet will come in for use in days [illegible] any long kind, so of early [illegible] of French short-horn carrot over either of the long kinds, the small early York over larger kinds of cabbage; the true ashleaf over other kinds of potatoes, the early six weeks over other kinds of beans, the early over late kinds of peas, Woods' early frame over the turnip rooted radish, and so on.

Markets.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

Tuesday, May 2, 1865.

For the sale of beeves, milch cows, veal calves and sheep and lambs, Washington Drove Yard, corner of Fourth avenue and Forty-fourth street; Chamberlin's, Hudson river, Bull's Head, foot of Robinson street; Browning's, in Sixth street, near Third avenue, and McGraw & O'Brien's Central Bull's Head, Sixth street. For the sale of swine, Allerton's yard, foot of Fortieth street, North river.

The total receipts of cattle of all kinds for the week are as follows:—

Yards	Beeves	Cows	Veals	S.&L.	Swine
Allerton's, May 2	3,456	34	876	36	[illegible]
Do. last week	2,985	24	810	2	[illegible]
Browning's, May 2	200	31	243	4,349	[illegible]
Do. last week	80	33	211	3,647	[illegible]
O'Brien's, May 2	43	27	315	630	[illegible]
Do. last week	86	1	231	1,616	[illegible]
Chamberlin's, May 2	34	47	1,274	2,724	[illegible]
Do. last week	29	31	1,307	1,031	[illegible]
Bergen, May 2	220	—	—	100	[illegible]
Do. last week	008	—	—	200	[illegible]
To butchers, May 2	250	—	1,000	200	[illegible]
Do. last week	270	—	100	200	[illegible]
Western yards, foot of Fortieth st., May 2	—	—	—	—	6,147
Total this week	4,243	130	3,018	8,129	6,147
Total last week	[illegible]	89	2,718	7,096	8,2[illegible]
Same time last year	[illegible]	124	1,200	10,917	[illegible]

[illegible]

J. A. Merritt sold 65 common steers at 18c. a 20c. on 6½ cwt.

Captain Vail & Benedict sold 90 good Illinois steers at 18c. a 20c. on 6¾ cwt.

Seiglo & Lauterbeck sold 65 good Illinois steers, 6¾ cwt., at 21c.

Valentine & Martin sold 59 Illinois steers, 7½ cwt., at 18c. a 20c.

H. Barnes sold 60 Illinois steers at 18c. a 20c. on 7¾ cwt.

W. Mitchell sold 19 good Illinois steers, 6½ a 6¾ cwt., at 19c.

MILCH COWS.

There was no perceptible change to note in the market for milkers. The demand continued moderate, and prices were without essential change, though a few sales were effected of fancy cows at figures representing a slight decline. Fancy cows and good milkers may be quoted at $75 as the top price. The receipts continue light, but the market was abundantly supplied.

VEAL CALVES.

[illegible]

NEW YORK HORSE MARKET.

[illegible]

THE DRY GOODS TRADE.

[illegible]

The sales of printing cloths in Providence [illegible] were large, and prices were high, but [illegible] 64x64s continued on Monday at 12½c., [illegible] went up during the week to 16c., and closed [illegible] at 14½c., dull. [illegible]

Appended are the nominal quotations for all the leading goods of private sale:—

[illegible]

THE BOOT AND SHOE TRADE.

[illegible]

CITY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Wednesday, May 3—6 P. M.

[illegible]

Lead has quiet, with sales of 50 tons Spanish at [illegible]

Leather.—In consequence of the diminished receipts of hemlock and the small supply, prices have advanced, and a fair demand has prevailed at our quotations. [illegible]

Molasses.—The demand continued moderate, but full prices were realized for choice qualities, which continue scarce and wanted; sales 80 hhds. New Orleans at 85c. a [illegible], 500 hhds. part Cuba muscovado, on private terms, and 100 hhds. Porto Rico at 75c. a 77c.

Naval Stores.—Spirits turpentine was firm and in moderate request at our last rates. [illegible]

[illegible]

FAMILY MARKETING.

[illegible]

Financial.

Wednesday, May 3—6 P. M.

[illegible]

[illegible] exceptional transactions at six. Financial paper of the first class passes at 6 a 8 per cent.

Gold has been steady and dull all day. The opening quotation was 141¾, after which it ranged from 141¾ to 141⅞, closing at five P. M. at 141⅞. The foreign exchange market has been quiet. The rates for bankers' bills, at sixty days, ranged from 109¾ to 109⅞, and 110⅛ a 110¼ at short sight. The steamer Persia took out $103,031 in specie.

The quotations for government securities and railway and miscellaneous shares, at the Stock Exchange in this city, for the last four weeks were as follows:—

[illegible]

Marriages and Deaths.

[illegible]

Advertisements.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, OUR MARTYR PRESIDENT.

Notice.—In consequence of the great and incessant demand for [illegible] popular Portrait of our late lamented Martyr President, Abraham Lincoln, he is compelled to announce to the trade and the public an advance on its retail price to

TWO DOLLARS PER COPY.

The presses are kept running night and day, but it will take several months to fill the orders already received. Those who desire good copies should secure them early. [illegible] embellished with an elegant and tasteful border.

This engraving is copyrighted.

Photographers and others are notified that any infringement on the copyright will be legally prosecuted. [illegible]

[illegible] BUTTRE, 15 Franklin [illegible]

A PATENT CANTERING HORSE [illegible]

AT $1—BOOK.—DR. LARMONT PERMANENTLY [illegible]

BASHFULNESS [illegible]

EMPIRE SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES [illegible] Warehouses, 536 Broadway, New York [illegible] 720 Chestnut street, Philadelphia [illegible]

EMBLEMATIC SIGNS [illegible]

FOR SALE—12,000 ACRES OF ILLINOIS PRAIRIE Lands. [illegible] Donaldson, Chicago, Illinois.

GREATEST THING OF THE TIMES. [illegible] PRIZE ENVELOPES. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. [illegible]

MOURNING BADGES. THE NATION'S LOSS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN. APRIL 15, 1865.

This beautiful Badge printed on white satin, draped in mourning, with splendid gilt pin and likeness attached, will be sent [illegible] Address [illegible] HITCHCOCK, [illegible]

PATENT ENAMELLED [illegible] SHIRT COLLARS. [illegible] 15 Nassau street.

PRIZES CASHED IN ALL LEGALIZED LOTTERIES and information given. [illegible] 176 Broadway, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPH CARDS FOR GENTLEMEN.—SAMPLE with catalogues, sent for 25 cents. [illegible]

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY [illegible]

1857. [illegible] McCLURE & CO. [illegible]